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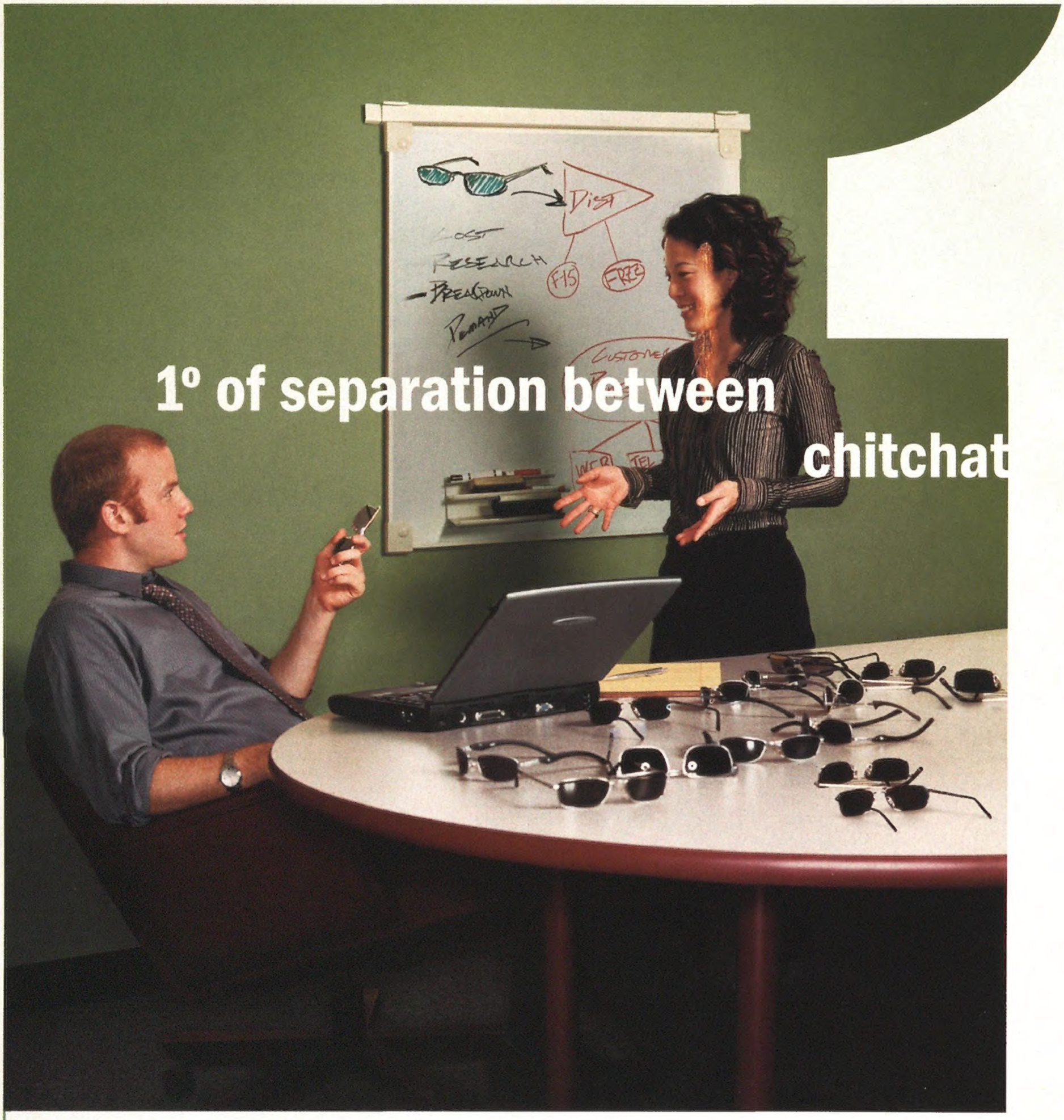

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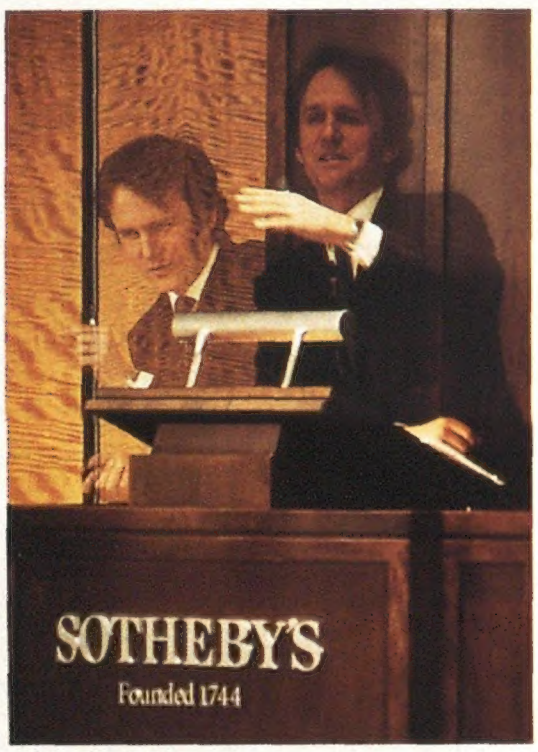

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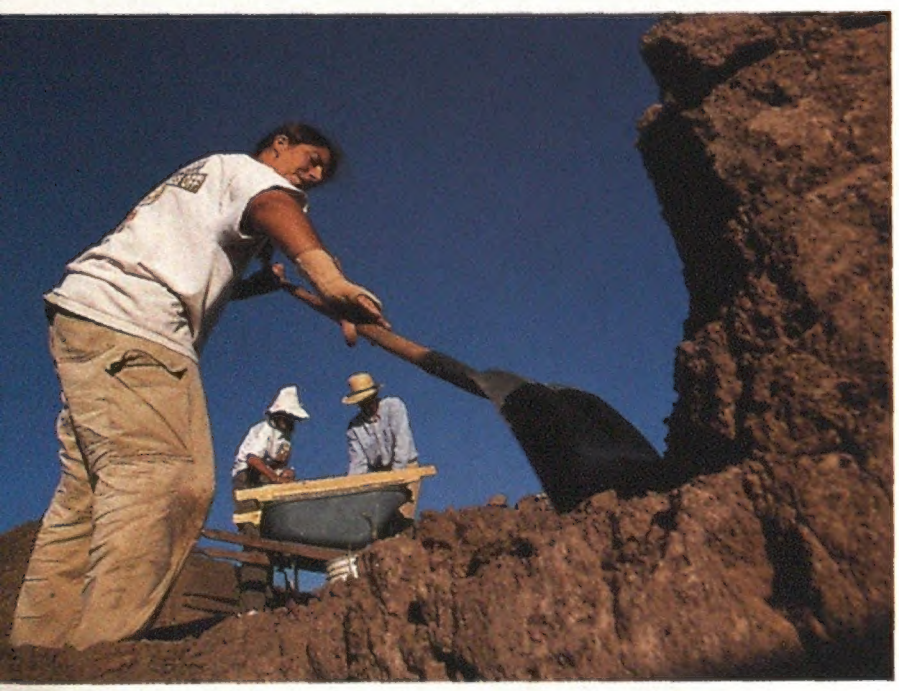

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From top: John Cohen's photograph of Bob Dylan, 1962; Tobias Meyer of Sotheby's conducting an auction; archaeologist Sara Plescia at Río Nuevo in Tucson, Arizona. **ON THE COVER: Car 156, a 1957 Maserati 250 SI, speeds past the Colosseum in Rome, the halfway point of the Mille Miglia car rally. Photograph by Enrico Ferorelli.**

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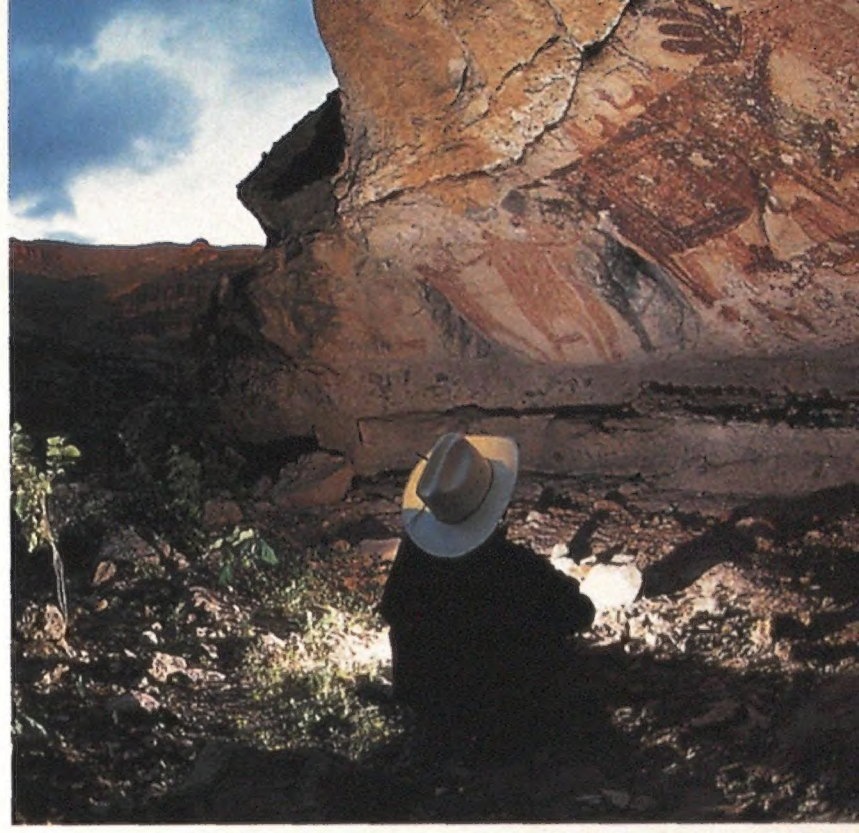

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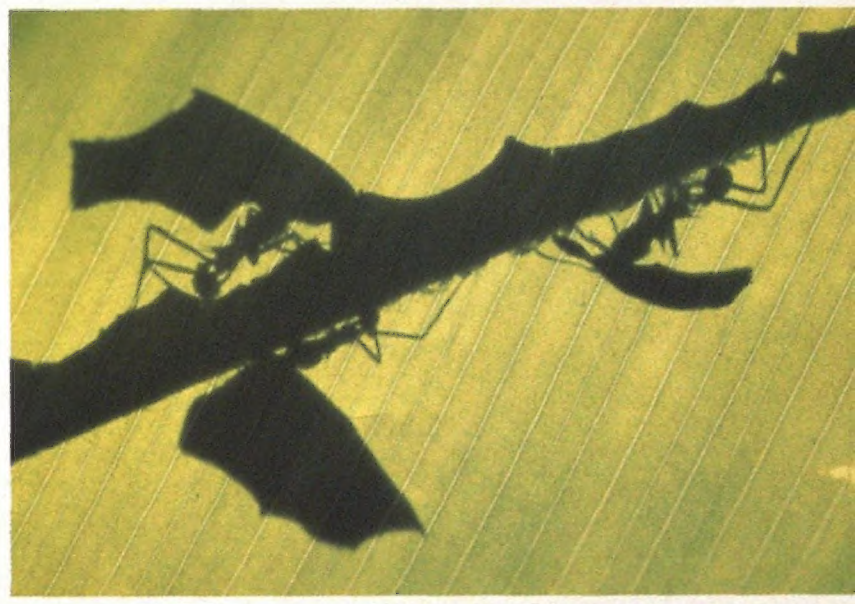

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From top: Prehistoric cave paintings in Sierra de San Francisco, Mexico; "homesteader" Adrienne Clune; foraging leafcutter ants.

GEORGE STEINMETZ; GLENN OAKLEY; CHRISTIAN ZIEGLER

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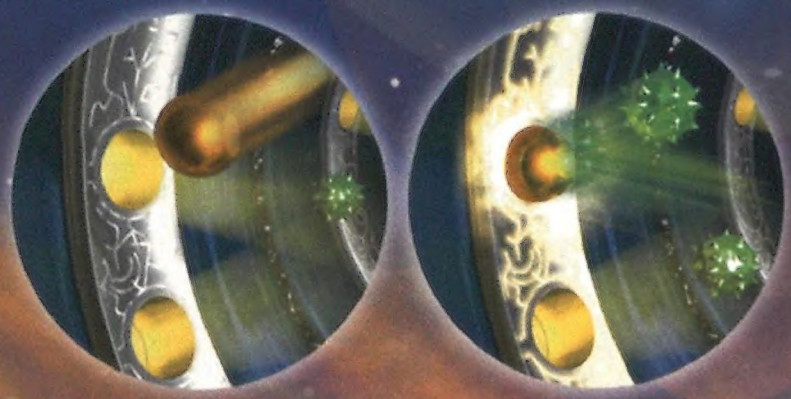

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Brief Summary (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Allergic Rhinitis: CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg are indicated for the relief of the nasal and non-nasal symptoms of allergic rhinitis (seasonal and perennial) in patients 12 years of age and older.

Chronic Idiopathic Urticaria: CLARINEX Tablets are indicated for the symptomatic relief of pruritus, reduction in the number of hives, and size of hives, in patients with chronic idiopathic urticaria 12 years of age and older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg are contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients, or to loratadine.

PRECAUTIONS: Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: The carcinogenic potential of desloratadine was assessed using loratadine studies. In an 18-month study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg/day in mice (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 3 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose) and 25 mg/kg/day in rats (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 30 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Male mice given 40 mg/kg/day loratadine had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg/day and in males and females given 25 mg/kg/day. The estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures of rats given 10 mg/kg of loratadine were approximately 7 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of desloratadine is not known.

In genotoxicity studies with desloratadine, there was no evidence of genotoxic potential in a reverse mutation assay (*Salmonella/E. coli* mammalian microsome bacterial mutagenicity assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenicity assay and mouse bone marrow micronucleus assay).

There was no effect on female fertility in rats at desloratadine doses up to 24 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 130 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). A male specific decrease in fertility, demonstrated by reduced female conception rates, decreased sperm numbers and motility, and histopathologic testicular changes, occurred at an oral desloratadine dose of 12 mg/kg in rats (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 45 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Desloratadine had no effect on fertility in rats at an oral dose of 3 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 8 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose).

Pregnancy Category C: Desloratadine was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 48 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 210 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose) or in rabbits at doses up to 60 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 230 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). In a separate study, an increase in preimplantation loss and a decreased number of implantations and fetuses were noted in female rats at 24 mg/kg (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 120 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Reduced body weight and slow righting reflex were reported in pups at doses of 9 mg/kg/day or greater (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 50 times or greater than the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Desloratadine had no effect on pup development at an oral dose of 3 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 7 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, desloratadine should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Desloratadine passes into breast milk, therefore a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue desloratadine, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother.

Pediatric Use: The safety and effectiveness of CLARINEX Tablets in pediatric patients under 12 years of age have not been established.

Geriatric Use: Clinical studies of desloratadine did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine whether they respond differently from younger subjects. Other reported clinical experience has not identified differences between the elderly and younger patients. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased hepatic, renal, or cardiac function, and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy. (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY – Special Populations**).

Information for Patients: Patients should be instructed to use CLARINEX Tablets as directed. As there are no food effects on bioavailability, patients can be instructed that CLARINEX Tablets may be taken without regard to meals. Patients should be advised not to increase the dose or dosing frequency as studies have not demonstrated increased effectiveness at higher doses and somnolence may occur.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Allergic Rhinitis: In multiple-dose placebo-controlled trials, 2,834 patients received CLARINEX Tablets at doses of 2.5 mg to 20 mg daily, of whom 1,655 patients received the recommended daily dose of 5 mg. In patients receiving 5 mg daily, the rate of adverse events was similar between CLARINEX and placebo-treated patients. The percent of patients who withdrew prematurely due to adverse events was 2.4% in the CLARINEX group and 2.6% in the placebo group. There were no serious adverse events in these trials in patients receiving desloratadine. All adverse events that were reported by greater than or equal to 2% of patients who received the recommended daily dose of CLARINEX Tablets (5.0 mg once-daily), and that were more common with CLARINEX Tablet than placebo, are listed in Table 5.

Table 5

Incidence of Adverse Events Reported by ≥ 2% of Allergic Rhinitis Patients in Placebo-Controlled, Multiple-Dose Clinical Trials

Adverse Experience	CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg (n=1,655)	Placebo (n=1,652)
Pharyngitis	4.1%	2.0%
Dry Mouth	3.0%	1.9%
Myalgia	2.1%	1.8%
Fatigue	2.1%	1.2%
Somnolence	2.1%	1.8%
Dysmenorrhea	2.1%	1.6%

The frequency and magnitude of laboratory and electrocardiographic abnormalities were similar in CLARINEX and placebo-treated patients.

There were no differences in adverse events for subgroups of patients as defined by gender, age, or race.

Chronic Idiopathic Urticaria: In multiple-dose, placebo-controlled trials of chronic idiopathic urticaria, 211 patients received CLARINEX Tablets and 205 received placebo. Adverse events that were reported by greater than or equal to 2% of patients who received CLARINEX Tablets and that were more common with CLARINEX than placebo were (rates for CLARINEX and placebo, respectively): headache (14%, 13%), nausea (5%, 2%), fatigue (5%, 1%), dizziness (4%, 3%), pharyngitis (3%, 2%), dyspepsia (3%, 1%), and myalgia (3%, 1%).

The following spontaneous adverse events have been reported during the marketing of desloratadine: tachycardia, and rarely hypersensitivity reactions (such as rash, pruritus, urticaria, edema, dyspnea, and anaphylaxis), and elevated liver enzymes including bilirubin.

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE: There is no information to indicate that abuse or dependency occurs with CLARINEX Tablets.

OVERDOSAGE: Information regarding acute overdosage is limited to experience from clinical trials conducted during the development of the CLARINEX product. In a dose ranging trial, at doses of 10 mg and 20 mg/day somnolence was reported.

Single daily doses of 45 mg were given to normal male and female volunteers for 10 days. All ECGs obtained in this study were manually read in a blinded fashion by a cardiologist. In CLARINEX-treated subjects, there was an increase in mean heart rate of 9.2 bpm relative to placebo. The QT interval was corrected for heart rate (QT_c) by both the Bazett and Fridericia methods. Using the QT_c (Bazett) there was a mean increase of 8.1 msec in CLARINEX-treated subjects relative to placebo. Using QT_c (Fridericia) there was a mean increase of 0.4 msec in CLARINEX-treated subjects relative to placebo. No clinically relevant adverse events were reported.

In the event of overdose, consider standard measures to remove any unabsorbed drug. Symptomatic and supportive treatment is recommended. Desloratadine and 3-hydroxydesloratadine are not eliminated by hemodialysis.

Lethality occurred in rats at oral doses of 250 mg/kg or greater (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 120 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). The oral median lethal dose in mice was 353 mg/kg (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 290 times the human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 250 mg/kg in monkeys (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 810 times the human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis).

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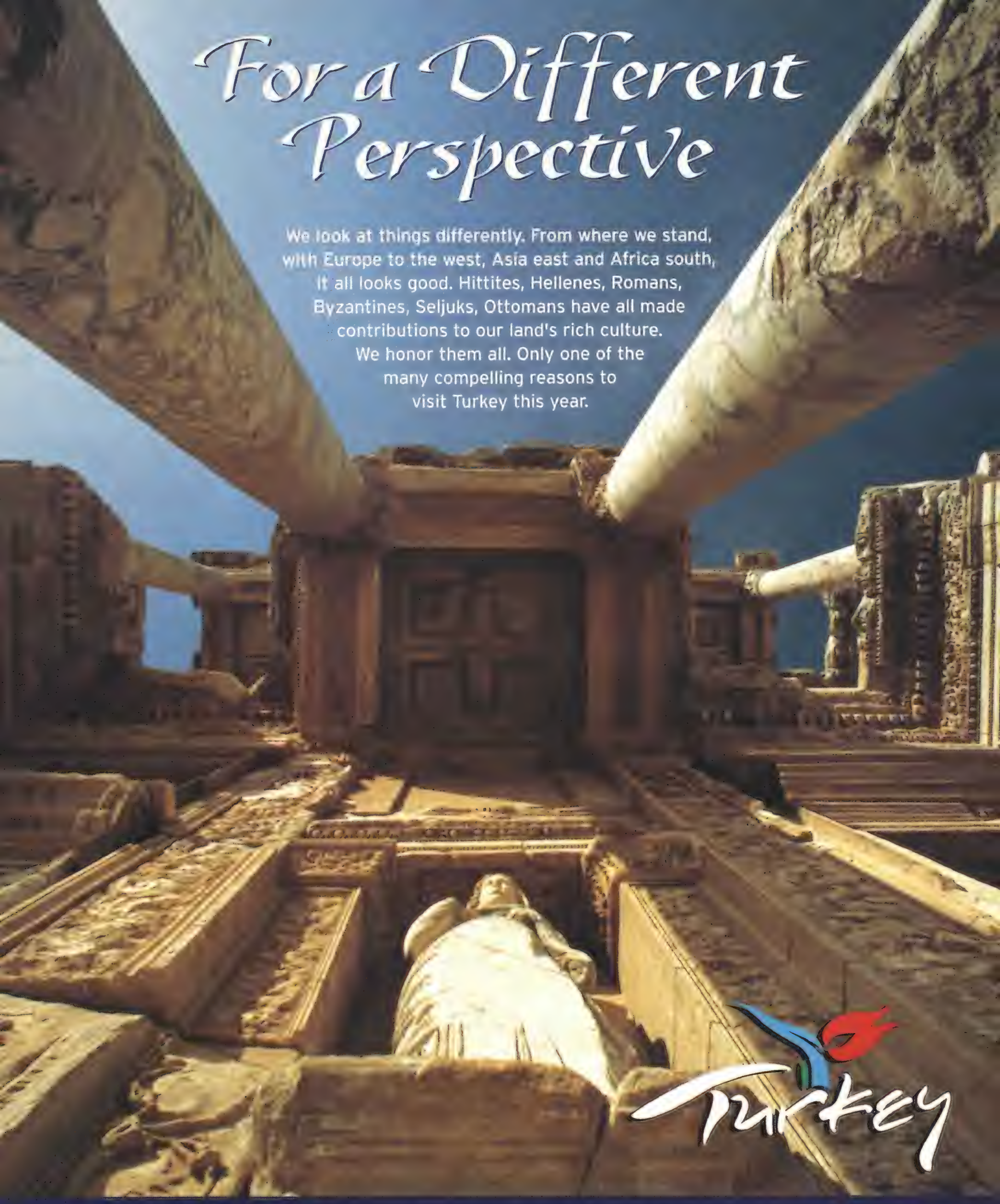
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BEHIND THE LINES

Auto-mated

A CURIOUS BOND OFTEN DEVELOPS ON THE ROAD. VERY CURIOUS

BY CAREY WINFREY, EDITOR

Steinmetz (left), Webster (white shirt) and their guides: The pictures were worth it.

WHENEVER POSSIBLE, WE LIKE TO send SMITHSONIAN photographers and writers out on stories together, as we did this month for both "Drawn from Prehistory," which documents some extraordinary cave paintings in Baja California (p. 100), and "A Rally to Remember," about Italy's premier sports car rally (p. 86). The collaboration that develops over time spent in close quarters often yields richer articles.

Some quarters are closer than others. One fiercely cold, windy night high in the Sierra de San Francisco of Baja California, writer Donovan Webster and photographer George Steinmetz had to bed down in their automobile. At some point during the fitful night, Webster found himself staring at the ceiling of the Chevrolet Suburban. "These paintings," he muttered through gritted teeth, "better be worth it." Fortunately, they were.

And writer Bruce Watson and photographer Enrico Ferorelli spent nearly three full days together in a Mercedes station wagon, after Ferorelli, who grew up in Italy, talked his way into participating in the Mille Miglia. "We chased the other cars," Watson reports, "stopping only to grab cappuccinos and sandwiches, then roaring on. Outside the Colosseum, giddy after a full day's drive, Enrico shot the cover photograph, then started shouting to passing cars in Italian: 'Christians and Lions face-to-face tonight! Right inside.'"

At the end of the rally, many of the drivers gathered for a midnight meal. "When it was over, Enrico stood up and announced he was going to bed," says Watson. "He gripped an imaginary steering wheel and 'steered' through the dining room, making the sputtering drone of a Ferrari. After the long and magnificent thousand miles, it was the perfect *arrivederci*."

GEORGE STEINMETZ

We've Got Mail

FROM THE SECRETARY

YOU EXPECT TO SEE STAMPS IN THE SMITHSONIAN'S National Postal Museum, and there are indeed tens of thousands of them—American and international, beautiful and rare, on rotating display—selected from among the more than 13 million items in the world's largest philatelic and postal history collection. You may also expect mailboxes, and they're there too, set in rows like so many bright-colored pieces of contemporary sculpture. What you may not expect is everything else in the museum, beginning with the sight that greets you as you enter: three airplanes suspended from the atrium ceiling. The oldest of the three, a Wiseman-Cooke, was the first airplane to carry mail through the air, in 1911, across a small stretch of California. Beneath the planes there's a fleet of other mail vehicles, including a gorgeous red Concord stagecoach built in New Hampshire in 1851, a replica of a Railway Mail Service car with an authentic interior from the early 20th century, and a Ford Model AA mail truck from 1931.

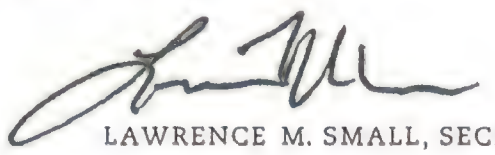
The story of the Pony Express will be the highlight for many Postal Museum visitors.

The vehicles make a perfect introduction to the astonishing saga, told in exhibitions, of the nation's steady advance from Colonial-era efforts at mail delivery along Indian trails through the development of today's massive postal capacities. (As recently as 1850, an American received an average of only five pieces of mail a year; the Postal Service now delivers 600 million pieces of mail a day to 135 million addresses.) It's a human story, full of enterprise and heroism, and the museum tells it through faces and voices, in photographs and on video screens. The exhibitions and the many interactive displays reveal how hard won was the service we now take for granted, and make clear how essential that service was to the economic growth and transformation of America.

The museum is home to a library collection that's among the world's best for postal history and philatelic research. In addition, later this year, it will open the Winton Blount Center for Postal Studies, where scholars will research and report on issues—of safety, technology, organizational structure and policy—with important consequences for the American people, the true owners of the U.S. Postal Service. One current challenge is every bit as daunting as any portrayed in the museum's exhibitions: How can a postal system with 840,000 employees and 38,000 retail outlets (the 25th largest business in the world) maintain a commitment to universal service when costs are rising and volume is declining as more mailing alternatives become available?

The Postal Museum's setting could not be more appropriate: a gleaming, block-long temple that was once the main post office of Washington, D.C., across the street from Union Station. Though not yet a decade old, the museum attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors a year. And that number is sure to grow as the museum becomes better known under its new director, Allen Kane. Kane, who brings years of executive experience in the Postal Service to the job, has set three goals for the museum: to attract larger and more diverse audiences to exhibitions and programs, to use new technologies to reach people far from the museum, and—a goal in which all Americans have a stake—to develop the Blount Center into a powerful resource of information so that better postal policy decisions can be made.

Each visitor to the Postal Museum will likely take away some favorite bit of lore, and for many it will be the true story of the Pony Express. The fabled relay service that moved letters in ten days between St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco existed for just 19 months, from April 1860 through October 1861. It employed some 80 riders. In all they carried 34,753 pieces of mail, wrapped in oiled silk for protection, across plains and plateaus, along river valleys, through the desert and up and down snow-covered mountains. The real Pony Express may have been a stopgap measure until telegraph lines were strung, but it passed into the enduring landscape of legend, where those brave young men will gallop forever.



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Readers respond to the March issue.

OUT ON A LIMB

I KNOW THAT PROPONENTS OF TREE climbing ("Lofty Aspirations") take care not to injure the trees, but I feel the practice is akin to snowmobiling in Yellowstone National Park. The trees are sanctuaries that should not be violated. Is it admirable to show our dominion over these creatures by abusing them?

Lawrence A. Stocks
Longmire, Washington

PLEASE THANK LOUIE PSIHOYOS FOR the inspirational centerfold photograph of climbers ascending a California redwood. It is to be displayed in the maximum security state prison classroom where I teach. I am continually looking to encourage the men to see the possibilities for them "out there."

Andrew DesAutels
Wichita Falls, Texas

YOUR ARTICLE BROUGHT BACK CHILDhood memories of when I used ropes instead of nails to build a platform high in the oak tree at my home. I spent many afternoons there, reading books, gazing over the valley, peeking through leaves, sharing branch time with birds, feeling just a little bit closer to the sky. There truly is something magical about spending time in a tree.

Larry Koepke
San Jose, California

RECALLING HOMING PIGEONS

IN 1933, WHEN I WAS 13, I GOT MY first homers and began racing them the next year ("Flights of Fancy"). Back then, the pigeons were shipped by train and released by the stationmaster, who sent the racing club a telegram giving the time of release and the weather at the station.

Kenneth M. Nagler
Upper Marlboro, Maryland

AMERICAN BORN

ORLANDO MARTINEZ, THE GRAPHIC designer in Brooklyn who is featured in your article on pigeon racing, is not a "new" American, contrary to the description of him in the "Taking Issue" column by Andrei Codrescu. As a native of Puerto Rico, he is automatically an American citizen.

Norma B. Castlen
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"WASSUP WITH PLUTO?" THE COVER line asks. Wow! Look out *Vibe*, there's a hip, new magazine on the racks—*Smizzownian* on the down lo.

Jim Hartway
Varysburg, New York

WHITE MOUNTAIN PREJUDICE

THE PAST ANTI-SEMITISM ALLUDED TO in the article on the rebirth of the Mountain View House in New Hampshire was hardly confined to that hotel. In an otherwise congenial letter sent to a prospective guest in 1936, the general manager of the now-defunct Crawford House in Carroll, New Hampshire, stated, "At the request of our regular patronage, we do not in any way solicit business of the Jewish people, and are recognized as an anti-Jewish hotel."

Dwight S. Wilder
Somersworth, New Hampshire

MIGRANT MADONNA

THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND Dorothea Lange's 1936 portrait of the desperate, homeless pea picker, Florence Thompson, and her children left me wondering one thing: What happened to the children's father?

David Paul
Westmont, Illinois

Thompson was recently widowed when Lange photographed her. Ed.

PURLOINED PASSAGES

THE CASE OF THE HISTORIAN STEPHEN Ambrose, who was accused of appropriating other writers' work in several of his history books ("Other People's Words"), suggests a new name for plagiarism: ambrosia, the sweetening of prose with the stolen fruit of other authors' labor.

Thomas J. Zwemer
Augusta, Georgia

THERE IS AN ERROR IN THIS OTHERwise excellent piece. The book of Genesis speaks not of an apple, but of forbidden fruit.

Stanley Booth
Brunswick, Georgia

True. But the apple is associated with Adam and Eve, perhaps because *malum* is Latin for both "apple" and "evil." Ed.

Send letters for this column to LettersEd@simag.si.edu or to Letters Editor, SMITHSONIAN, MRC 951, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012. Letters should include your telephone number and address and may be edited for clarity and length. Send queries and comments about the Smithsonian Institution to info@info.si.edu or to VIARC, Public Inquiry Mail Service, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012.

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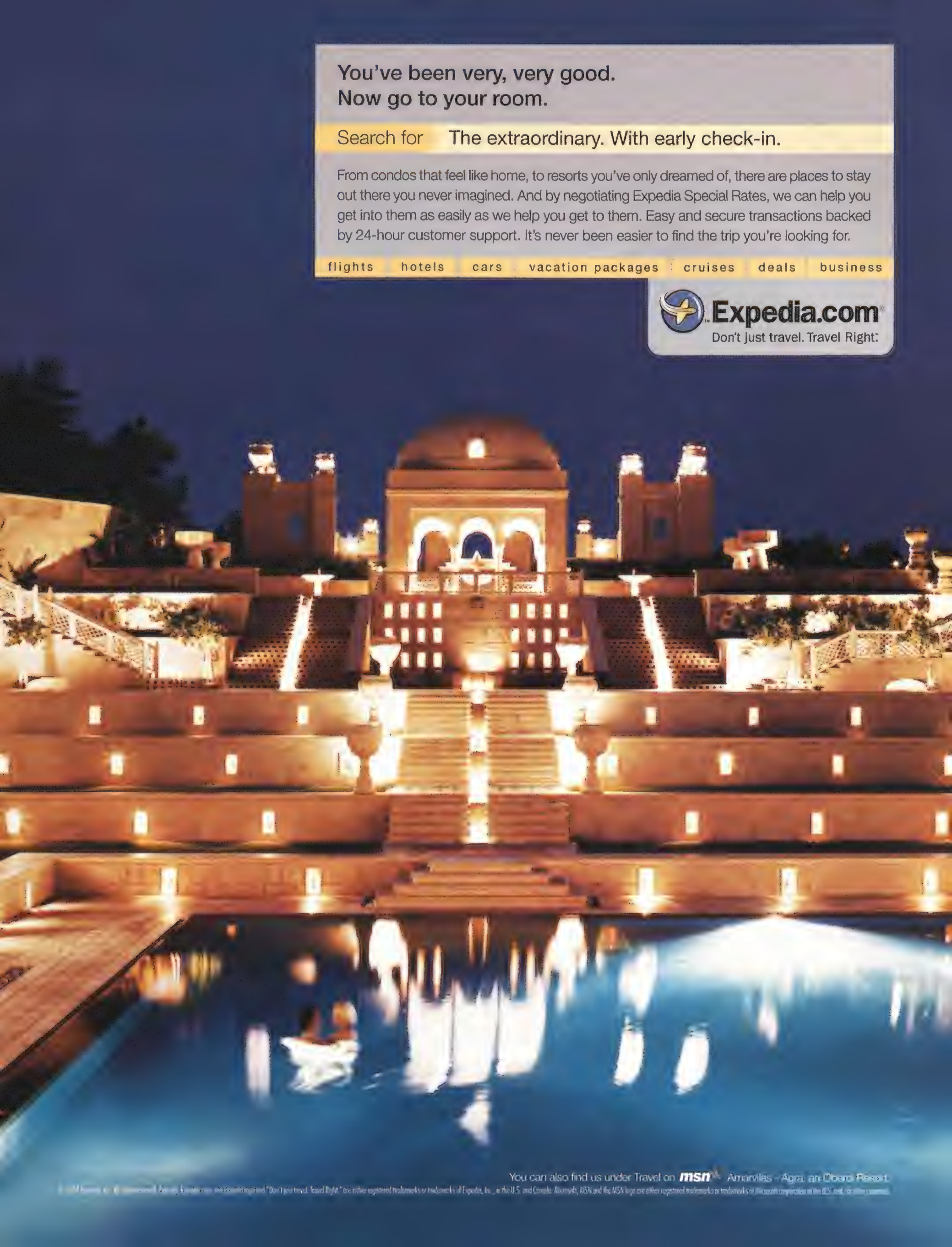

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Joseph Guild, Tom Gudmestad, Chris Kitterman and Jim Flick teamed in 1974 (top) and 1996.

Heroes Then and Now

INDELIBLE IMAGES

YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT TIME OF DAY IT IS, the fog and smoke are so thick. Bare branches heighten the gothic mood. The ground is mud. An overturned wheelbarrow hints at chaos. One man turns toward the mysterious glow while the others—wet, soot-streaked, slumped—look down or away, spent. The central figure, incongruously, holds a burning cigarette.

The four men had just battled an early morning house fire in a Seattle suburb when Jerry Gay, then a 27-year-old photographer with the *Seattle Times*, made this otherworldly portrait. Heroic imagery of firefighters is common these days, but this was October 1974, soon after the Vietnam War, a time that didn't often exalt bravely doing one's duty. Americans "were not seeming very honorable or very dedicated to the right principles," Gay recalls, "and here was this fireman picture that sort of spoke to a new American hero, a different kind of soldier." Titled *Lull in the Battle*, it won Gay a Pulitzer Prize.

Gay is now a freelance photojournalist in La Conner, Washington. His just-published book, *Everyone Has a Life to Live*, contains unabashedly sentimental photographs—kids, old folks, newlyweds, road signs, birds—that show, he says, how "we all share in each other's lives."

Of the firemen, Joseph Guild tore his knee responding to a fire in 1982 and left the service; now 55, he works as a greenskeeper at a golf course. Chris Kitterman, 52, left fire fighting in 1989 after injuring his back on the job and now works for a sporting goods company. Jim Flick, 47 and a general contractor, served 19 years as a firefighter and paramedic. Tom Gudmestad, 49, is the paramedic operations chief for southern King County, Washington. The photograph hangs in his office. To Gudmestad, it has become a "touchstone of faith," he says. "I've been in the fire fighting business almost 30 years, and it always brings me back to what I did with that time and why."

JERRY GAY (2)

POINTS OF INTEREST

Downtown Digs

ONE STEP AHEAD OF BULLDOZERS, URBAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS PULL HISTORIC TREASURES FROM AMERICA'S CITYSCAPES

BY GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

ON A BALMY DAY IN SOUTHERN Arizona, Fred Perry and I sit astride the half-buried foundation of an 18th-century Spanish mission garden wall, loosening the clay around its grapefruit-size boulders with an ice pick and trowel. It looks like child's play, but we're doing serious archaeology here—only a stone's throw from downtown Tucson. Office buildings loom. Rush-hour traffic whizzes by. More than once as Perry and I beaver away, I reflect on how incongruous it is to be digging for vanished settlements in the middle of a city.

Incongruous, but not so unusual. These days urban archaeology is breaking new ground all across the country. Thanks to tough federal and state laws that require fast-growing cities to sift and winnow before they leap, scores of private archaeological firms are beating bulldozers to thousands of locations slated for development. They want to find artifacts that tell stories about what happened on that land a long time ago, and they're striking pay dirt.

In New York City, archaeologists recently discovered a previously unknown African burial ground from the 1700s. Others, poring over the future site of Philadelphia's National Constitution Center, have identified a working-class quarter where, as one historian puts it, "the people who were 'we the people'" lived when the Founding Fathers drafted those words. Boston's mammoth tunnel project, known as the Big Dig, has yielded Native American artifacts going back to A.D. 500. But nowhere are urban archaeologists turning up more compelling new evidence of our nation's multicultural heritage

Newly found artifacts unearthed at the Río Nuevo site definitively establish Tucson, Arizona, as one of the oldest, continuously occupied places in the United States.

ALL: JASON MILLSTEIN

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Ancient Tucsonan trash is archaeologist Sara Plescia's treasure: flakes (inset) indicate toolmaking.

than in Sunbelt cities such as Phoenix and Tucson.

During the past four decades, Tucson's population has doubled, and urban renewal projects have obliterated most of its older Hispanic neighborhoods. One of the most ambitious projects currently on the drawing board, a $320 million complex of businesses, housing and shopping areas called Río Nuevo, will occupy nearly 600 acres in the middle of town. This is where Perry and I, together with a dozen or so other volunteers and paid workers, are scraping, chipping and brushing.

Historians have long known of a Spanish mission here, but Desert Archaeology, Inc., the Tucson-based firm hired to study the area, has uncovered much more than that. A backhoe brought to light enough pottery and other evidence to convince Desert Archaeology's staff that people began settling in this vicinity 4,000 years ago—far earlier than anyone suspected. Those first Tucsonans were attracted by water; back then, the Santa Cruz River flowed through what is now the city center.

"This is totally changing our view of what life was like here in that time period," says J. Homer Thiel, a bearded, 38-year-old archaeologist and the boss of my work crew. "There were probably a dozen small settlements up and down the rivers, with people cutting out little ditches and irrigating crops of corn, beans, squash, tobacco and cotton. They would live here for a while and then go up in the mountains to hunt and gather wild plants."

For several weeks before I showed up, field archaeologists, mapping specialists and other workers had been collecting bits and pieces those ancients left behind—tiny corncobs, animal bones, stone tools, arrowheads. It's tedious work, as I find out when I'm assigned to help Betsy Marshall, a spry 76-year-old volunteer and former schoolteacher.

Marshall and I first hammer the big clumps into little ones with the wooden edge of a brush. Then we rake our hands over the screen, picking out painted pottery fragments, arrowheads and lithics, rocks left over from toolmaking. We sort them into small brown bags. "Sometimes I come across what I call an 'iffy lithy'—might be a lithic, might not. Let's keep that," says Marshall as I show her a chipped rock.

The next morning, Thiel's colleague Jonathan Mabry drives me to the site of a former brick factory where another Desert Archaeology crew has unearthed a network of irrigation canals dating back 2,500 years. "Canals are a big part of the story," says Mabry, a 41-year-old Kentuckian who originally specialized in Middle Eastern archaeology. He points to more evidence a few feet away—large rings of cleared dirt he says were the floors of Indian pit houses. Crews have also collected pieces of figurines, pots and corn here. "No one would have guessed that 4,000 years ago in the Southwest people were making pots," Mabry says. "We're talking two and a half millennia older than the Hohokam, Mogollon and the Anasazi," he adds, referring to the three main prehistoric cultures that settled the region.

The work has great meaning for the Tucson region's Native Americans as well. Sonny Antone is employed as an archaeologist by Desert Archaeology. With long, graying hair, the 45-year-old Antone is a member of the Tohono O'Odham tribe, which has links with the ancients who used to live in this area. "I've always had dreams about this place," he tells me. "It opens up the past—not just Tucson but the story of my grandmothers, from modern times back through the centuries."

None of which should be taken to mean that the Río Nuevo buildings will be moved or altered significantly. Marty McCune, Tucson's historic preservation officer, points out that urban archaeology here is not an end in itself but part of an elaborate trade-off. Development will continue. The mission and garden ruins will be carefully preserved, but "we're still destroying a lot," she says. "At least we're getting valuable historical information first."

Alas, the public will likely see little of it. Although museum exhibits at Río Nuevo will interpret the items now being found, the Arizona State Museum in Tucson, like other potential showcases for such treasures throughout the Southwest, is already overloaded. There's just no room, except in warehouses, for all the new goodies.

I have to be satisfied with the knowledge that those brown bags I helped fill will eventually wind up at Desert Archaeology's Tucson laboratory. There, a team of biological, ceramic, soil and rock specialists will wash, examine and inventory all the artifacts, adding to the evolving big picture. It makes me smile to think, as the fascinating reinterpretation of Tucson's history continues to unfold, that my days spent playing in the dirt are even a small part of it.

Grace Lichtenstein, coauthor of Musical Gumbo: The Music of New Orleans, *divides her time between New York City and Santa Fe.*

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Hell's Bells

THE 19TH-CENTURY TROLLEY BELL MAY HAVE DING-DING-DINGED, BUT THE FACTORY BELL CLANGED THE WORKDAY

BY KIM ROBERTS

Loud the morning bell is ringing,
Up, up sleepers, haste away;
Yonder sits the redbreast singing,
But to list we must not stay.

Now we give a welcome greeting
To these viands cooked so well;
Horror! oh! not half done eating—
Rattle, rattle goes the bell!

—From an anonymous poem, printed in Factory Girl's Garland, *a literary magazine from Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1844*

THE BLACK, CAST-METAL BELL IN THE National Museum of American History's "On Time" exhibition has lost its clapper. Still, it's not hard to imagine its resounding ring. It wasn't so long ago that this bell was the focus of life for the residents of North Andover, Massachusetts, where it once graced the tower of Davis and Furber, a textile machine factory that opened in the 1830s and closed, finally, in 1982.

As New England shifted from farming to industry in the 19th century, Americans' sense of time changed radically. Before 1820, most citizens did not own clocks or even know how to tell time, and work hours were determined by the sun and the seasons. But as people by the hundreds of thousands left farms for factories, and bells divided life into segments of work and leisure, time took on new meaning.

Bells announced mealtimes and rang to start and end work shifts. Factory workers might begin their days at 4:30 A.M. with the first dawn bell, and a curfew bell would signal when workers were expected to go to bed.

Generations of employees trooped to their workplaces at the summons of this bell.

"In the early 1800s, upper-class people in America made an obsessive point of scheduling," says Carlene Stephens, a curator of the "On Time" exhibition, "but the idea was completely new for common folks on the farm." Also new, she says, "was the idea of working for someone else on someone else's schedule, for a wage."

Though Davis and Furber employed primarily men, the textile machines the factory turned out went to mills throughout New England—populated overwhelmingly by young women (average age 20 years) recruited off farms to live in boardinghouses in burgeoning towns and cities. These young women represented the first generation of an industrial working class. Considered dispensable on the farm, they went to factory towns to earn extra money for the family or, more often, to make their own way.

Factory recruiters made often unrealistic promises about the paternalism of the factory owners: boardinghouses were run only by matrons approved and hired by the company, healthy meals would be provided and all workers were required to attend church. Sensitive to criticism that their factories might have a corrupting influence on young women, owners designed their mills to look like churches—with bell towers the most conspicuous feature of the new industrial cathedrals.

In "A Second Peep at Factory Life," a story written in 1845, mill worker Josephine L. Baker leads an imaginary visitor on a tour of the factory, where "the belfry, towering far above the rest, stands out in bold relief against the rosy sky."

Baker's story appeared in the *Lowell Offering*, a literary magazine published by and for "mill girls." While the journal was ultimately run by the workers themselves, and published both complaints and praise of factory life, it also served to promote, in the words of one of the town's factory owners, Lowell's "fund of labor, well-educated and virtuous."

To be sure, the culture created in factory towns like Lowell, the largest and most prominent textile factory city in the region, had its appeals. Mill workers were paid in cash—about $3 a week—and with it were able to take advantage of such amenities as relatively stylish store-bought clothes, evening classes in such subjects as languages, music or sciences,

AMERICAN HISTORY MUSEUM, SI

The workers of the Davis and Furber textile machine factory of North Andover, Massachusetts, posed for a group portrait in 1862.

AMERICAN TEXTILE HISTORY MUSEUM, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS (2)

and "mutual self-improvement" clubs where workers who liked to write could share their latest efforts. Lowell's Lyceum Movement, an organization that sponsored speakers, was second only to Boston's, bringing to town such luminaries as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and John Quincy Adams.

At the same time, working conditions were far from ideal. Men and women put in 12 or more hours a day, six days a week. In the mills, workers were often injured by machinery. Cotton fibers in the air—as well as the forced humidity and airtight quarters, meant to keep fragile threads from breaking—could cause serious respiratory problems.

Workers could be dismissed without recourse for a long list of infractions that included drunkenness, "hysteria," spreading rumors, stealing, profanity, impudence, "religious frenzy" and their general deportment—even on their own time. Certainly, tardiness was not tolerated. After all, throughout the day factory bells reminded workers where they should be and what they should be doing.

A 19th-century textile worker winds shuttle bobbins in a drawing by Winslow Homer.

In the *Lowell Offering* story "The Spirit of Discontent," the anonymous author has one of her characters complain: "I am going home, where I shall not be obliged to rise so early in the morning, nor be dragged about by the ringing of the bell. . . . I object to the constant hurrying of every thing. We cannot have time to eat, drink or sleep. . . . Up before day, at the clang of the bell—and out of the mill by the clang of the bell—into the mill, and at work, in obedience to that ding-dong of a bell—just as though we were so many living machines."

In the story "Factory Labor," another character is more sympathetic to management. "In all kinds of employment it is necessary to keep regular established hours," she primly notes. "Because we are reminded of those hours by the ringing of a bell, it is no argument against our employment, any more than it would be against going to church or to school."

Today, long after bell towers ceased dictating daily schedules, the bells still echo. After all, which of us, hitting the snooze button on our alarm clock, doesn't understand the quandary of a young Lowell writer weighing the benefits of regular pay versus the long hours "and the feeling too, that comes over us . . . when we hear the bell calling us . . . the feeling that we are obliged to go"?

Kim Roberts is a poet and American History buff. She lives in Washington, D.C.

MOVING MONA—Photographer Tino Soriano covered the opening of Le Musée Imaginaire in Barcelona, Spain, for *Paris Match*. The museum's first exhibition featured copies of masterpieces, all of which were for sale. As Soriano wandered down the hall, "I suddenly saw the *Mona Lisa* walking toward me," he says. "I liked the big mirror because it made still another copy of the picture. And that was the idea of the museum, that nothing was original." Visitors apparently preferred the real thing—the museum closed shortly after opening.

GEORGE W. 1790 AD

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GEORGE W. 2001 AD

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Cohen says Appalachian singer-banjoist Roscoe Holcomb (in Kentucky in 1959) made "some of the strongest music I ever heard."

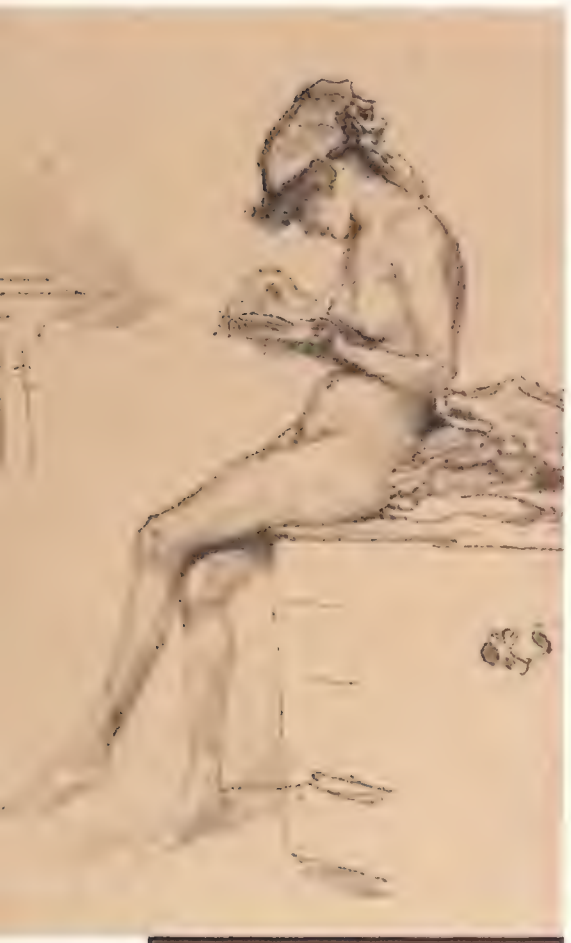
JOHN COHEN/POWERHOUSE BOOKS

Still Lifes

"MY INVOLVEMENT," SAYS JOHN COHEN, "HAS ALWAYS BEEN with outsiders—artists, poets, mountain musicians, fiddlers, Peruvian Indians, Scottish and Greek gypsies." Renowned as a musician—he founded the celebrated old-time string band The New Lost City Ramblers—and as a photographer, documentary filmmaker and folklorist, Cohen has distilled a lifetime of creativity into a multi-media compendium, *There Is No Eye.*

Published by powerHouse Books, it presents photographs Cohen took over five decades and on several continents. Simultaneously, the Smithsonian's Folkways Recordings has produced an accompanying CD, *There Is No Eye: Music for Photographs,* featuring the recordings of musicians Cohen captured on film, including Woody Guthrie, Muddy Waters and Bob Dylan. In addition to Appalachian tunes, the collection features "early bluegrass, Andean music, English ballad singing, gospel, blues, and Beat jazz," says Cohen. In many cases, Cohen himself—armed with a tape recorder as well as a camera—documented the performances.

The book's cryptic title comes from liner notes penned in 1965 at the height of the folk music revival by a young Bob Dylan, Cohen's Greenwich Village compatriot, for the singer-songwriter's album *Highway 61 Revisited.* "There is no eye," he wrote in a characteristically enigmatic digression on the nature of perception. The title is an ironic pun: Cohen's discerning eye has composed quiet, arresting portraits. What's missing is not the eye but the "I," an absence altogether welcome in a photographer. "The material," Cohen insists, "has a life of its own. I leave it for the viewer to interpret." —*Cynthia Cavnar*



Whistler Revealed

What would Mother say? A series of barely clad and nude female figures, completed during the 1880s and '90s by American artist James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903), is drawing visitors to the Freer Gallery. Best known for his austere portrait of his mother, Whistler rendered the nudes toward the end of his life. Many of them, says curator Kenneth Myers, are "strikingly abstract." "Whistler's Nudes," showcasing 25 lithographs and pastels including *The Little Nude Model, Reading* (above), runs through January 5, 2003.

Celestial Cinematographers

During his career as an astronaut, Brian Duffy logged 40 days, 17 hours, 34 minutes and 59 seconds in space.

For 11 minutes and 42 seconds of that time—on the last of his four missions—Duffy played Steven Spielberg, documenting a construction site that just happened to be zipping along at some 17,500 miles per hour, approximately 220 miles above Earth: the International Space Station.

The fruits of his cinematic labors aboard the shuttle *Discovery* in October 2000—and those of 24 other astronauts—arrived on the Mall in April, premiering at the National Air and Space Museum as *Space Station*, a 45-minute, 3-D IMAX film.

It records the evolution of the project from an embryonic outpost to a fully operative domicile, from the orbital assembly of the first two modules to the outfitting of the Destiny research lab. In all, the film tracks the comings and goings of seven shuttle crews and two resident crews from December 1998 to July 2001, leaving the research station five years before its anticipated completion in 2006.

This first-ever 3-D space film plunges the viewer into stunningly intimate, hyperrealistic contact with daily life both inside and outside the station. The effect is something like entering a radiant, life-size diorama in which objects—be it a razor or a glove, an astronaut or a cargo module—float effortlessly within grasp. Almost.

"My jaw dropped when I saw the first exterior pictures," says producer Toni Myers, a veteran of five IMAX space films. "The degree of technical complexity is dazzling—the maze of thousands of cables and bolts—the detailed surfaces. None of us had a clue." Then there was the human side. The permanent crews. The visiting crews. The showering and shaving. The frivolity of a food fight. The two little blow-up alien dolls that one astronaut crew set afloat in the space station. The various accents. "It's a real quilt of personality," Myers says. "It helps you get to know the men and the women who are doing this—not as techno-constructors but as real people doing extraordinary things above us."

One of those real people, astronaut Duffy, says he was surprised by the latitude he was given. "We were told, 'This is your movie. If you see anything happening that you think would be great, capture the moment.'" Easier said than done, considering the restrictions. An astronaut's every space minute is tightly choreographed into first, second and even third priorities. Each shuttle flight got only 12 and a half minutes of film. There were no second takes.

"We did get one spur-of-the-moment shot," Duffy recalls. "I looked out the overhead window of the shuttle. Bill MacArthur was doing a space walk. It was just spectacular. I told him not to move, that I'd be right back. I floated down, grabbed the camera. It was a great view—all the details of his space suit, all the tools hanging off him, the Earth in the background. I thought, 'This is a shot that would be a lot of fun.'" That it is.

—*Victoria Dawson*

View from the shuttle *Discovery*: The space station over Brazil.

FREER GALLERY OF ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; NASA

Economist Robert Shiller wonders why we have such faith in the utter rationality of markets when we ourselves can be kinda, you know, irrational. Bad judgment, lousy information, half-baked strategies—there are times when money brings out the worst in people. That's why Prof. Shiller's retirement dollars are invested with a company whose levelheaded thinking stands out in a world where impulse and intuition are bucking intelligence and insight.
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Winged Victory

Just two days after Charles Lindbergh landed in Paris (see story, page 96), Smithsonian Secretary Charles G. Abbott cabled the aviator, asking if he would give the *Spirit of St. Louis* to the Smithsonian. But donating the aircraft wasn't entirely a simple matter. "Lindbergh replied that he couldn't make the decision by himself," says F. Robert Van Der Linden, a curator at the National Air and Space Museum (NASM), "because he didn't own the plane. He'd have to talk to the group of businessmen from St. Louis who had actually put up the money for its construction."

When the pilot consulted his backers, they endorsed the plan wholeheartedly. On May 20, 1929, exactly two years after his transatlantic flight, Lindbergh and his partners ceremonially sold the plane to the Institution for the token sum of one dollar. (The plane, on loan there, was already on display.)

The story behind the acquisition of this precious artifact is told in *Charles Lindbergh and the Spirit of St. Louis*, a new book by Van Der Linden and fellow NASM curator Dominick A. Pisano. For its final flight, Lindbergh flew the celebrated aircraft himself from St. Louis, landing it at Washington, D.C.'s Bolling Field, today's Bolling Air Force Base, on the night of April 30, 1928. Under the direction of distinguished curator Paul E. Garber, who had actually drafted the cable to Lindbergh in Paris, the plane, measuring 27.7-feet in length with a wingspan of 46 feet, was towed "very carefully," says Pisano, "through the streets of Washington in the early morning, when the traffic was light."

Traffic at the Air and Space Museum has rarely been light since, as more than 9.5 million visitors each year enter the Milestones of Flight Hall and gaze wonderingly up at Lindbergh's gift to the nation—an American icon, suspended overhead.

—Alexis Doster

Westermannia

"All right, kids, it's all yours," announces artist Cathie Nelsen, "you can use anything on this table." Nelsen, the puckish muse of these proceedings, was presiding amiably over a hands-on workshop for children held on a recent Saturday morning at the Smithsonian's Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C. The idea was for the kids, participants in the museum's Young at Art series, to create pieces in the playful spirit of H. C. Westermann (1922-1981), a master of crafted wood and found-object sculpture.

A dozen youngsters, ranging in age from 7 to 10, scrambled for the beckoning ingredients. Within seconds, they seized on plastic flowers, discarded shoes, cast-off miniature action figures, poker chips, leftover Legos, lamp shades, clothespins and more. This seductive assortment of junk, all of it collected earlier by Nelsen, constituted the raw material of artistic creation. "I get this stuff from thrift shops," she says. "Sometimes I coat articles with spray paint—just to jazz things up." (Hence the three-inch plastic knights, gleaming gold and silver.)

The inventive reuse of detritus was very much in keeping with Westermann's spirit. The first posthumous retrospective of his works, at the Hirshhorn through May 12, introduces 130 constructions, whimsical and brooding, antic and sardonic, to a wider public.

The whimsical nature of the enterprise was not lost on the young participants, who took up glue, duct tape and colored wire to cobble their creations together. "I can't believe all this crazy stuff," observed 8-year-old Mattie, fixing button eyes and a neon-orange Frisbee, pressed into service as a hat, onto a cardboard box she was transforming into a sort of loopy robot. It was the kind of offbeat character Westermann himself might have dreamed up. (Witness his piece, left.) The show opens in Los Angeles June 9 and Houston October 4.

—Alina Corday-Taylor

Waste not: Voilà! A gilded wastebasket turns sculptural.

ERIC LONG, SI; HIRSHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN, SI; KAREN BALLARD

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Fakery

Is it real? Because Western experts were long barred from the Chinese mainland, they often couldn't tell if a piece of Chinese art was authentic. "Chinese Buddhist Sculptures in a New Light," at the Sackler, separates the fake (such as this Buddha) from the real.

Visit the Smithsonian

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Unscrolling History

"Can we pull it this way some? A little bit more. There's a wrinkle. Somebody needs to hold that tear!"

For three days in February, the scene in Warehouse 31 of the Smithsonian's Support Center in Suitland, Maryland, was an odd amalgam of operating room, photo op and time warp.

There, in one carefully vacuumed, brightly lit corner of this archival netherworld—amid such artifacts as a needle threader, an apple-cider press and an EKG machine, a team of specialists from the National Museum of American History (NMAH) converged. They were preparing for an exhibition on West Point to open later this fall. Their feet encased in surgical booties, curators and conservators, objects managers and a photographer gathered to examine a fragile Civil War canvas of staggering and unwieldy dimensions: a panorama some 500 feet in length and 8 feet in height.

The 19th-century scroll depicts 33 scenes from the exploits of the Union's Army of the Cumberland, under the leadership of Gen. William S. Rosecrans. When Rosecrans was stripped of his command, after a strategic blunder, in 1863, his loyal officers collected several thousand dollars and turned to William D.T. Travis, a staff artist for *Harper's Weekly*, for help in redressing the insult to their general's reputation. Having traveled with the Cumberland and recorded their experiences in his sketchbook, Travis filled the panorama with accounts of bloody battles, the burning of a bridge, and even soldiers laundering their uniforms while skinny-dipping. With the painting completed in 1865, the artist and his brother, James, spent seven years traveling by covered wagon throughout the Central and Western states, unrolling the panorama and narrating the stories therein.

"Seven years of rugged travel and ninety-one years mostly buried in [the artist's] attic studio," wrote a nephew, C. C. Travis, of the panorama's fate, while seeking a permanent and appreciative home for his uncle's creation. In 1962 the Institution purchased the painting for $5,500—and it graduated to a more prestigious attic. There, except when photographed and rehoused in the 1970s, it has remained, crated and squirreled away.

Until recently.

Now, thanks to the new exhibition, the Travis panorama will have a 21st-century audience—and in 21st-century style. Because the fragility of the canvas precludes placing it on exhibit, one frame will be displayed as a life-size reproduction. The complete painting, with the artist's accompanying text, will appear on a video monitor. —*Victoria Dawson*

One panel of the Travis panorama depicts slaves fleeing bondage as the Union Army advances.

FREER GALLERY OF ART, SI; D. E. HURLBERT/NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY, SI

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Home on the Range

BY DOUG STEWART ◆ PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLENN OAKLEY

A NEW PUBLIC TELEVISION SERIES TRANSPLANTS THREE AMERICAN FAMILIES TO THE FRONTIER WEST OF 1883, WITHOUT ELECTRICITY, RUNNING WATER OR—GASP!—VISITS TO THE MALL

Tracy Clune (foreground) and cousin Aine Clune reaped benefits from a five-month on-camera experiment in homesteading.

"We actually went hungry the first five weeks," says Adrienne Clune (making preserves with son Justin), whom the production crew called "the Martha Stewart of Frontier House."

WHEN 9-YEAR-OLD LOGAN PATTON started getting headaches, it created something of a dilemma for the producers of *Frontier House*, a six-part series scheduled to begin airing on PBS stations April 29. The problem was that aspirin and other painkillers of choice didn't exist in 1883, the period created with painstaking accuracy and $3 million by New York public television station Thirteen/WNET and Wall to Wall Television. Still, series producer Simon Shaw wasn't about to take his zealous quest for authenticity so far as to deny the boy medication. "There's a point where you just have to relent," he says.

In May 2001 Shaw recruited three modern families to live in one-room cabins for five months in backcountry Montana—without electricity, ice, running water, telephones or toilet paper. Though *Frontier House* is dramatic, at times even harrowing, Shaw bristles at any suggestion that the series is a *Survivor* for eggheads. "Reality-TV programs are game shows. We're trying to do something more complex," he says. Shaw helped create the British series *The 1900 House*, which ran on PBS in 2000. It presented the trials of an initially eager couple who suffered with four of their children through three months of cold baths and gaslit evenings in a retro-furnished Victorian town house.

Frontier House is more ambitious, involving more people subjected to a longer stay in an isolated and rugged setting. By placing 21st-century families in the 19th-century American West, complete with blizzards, nosy bears and week after week of bean dinners, the program explores how settlers once lived and, by comparison, how we live today. "Life in the American West has been greatly romanticized and mythologized," Shaw says. "We wanted to peel away some of that veneer."

The producers selected their three homesteading families from more than 5,000 applications. They looked for engaging, sincere, but otherwise ordinary folks with whom viewers could identify. With no prizes or winners, the experience would be its own reward.

The chosen families were supplied with historically correct livestock—low-volume, high-butterfat milk-producing Jersey cows, for example—and provisions such as slab bacon and sorghum. After two weeks of on-camera instruction in the fine points of milking cows and plucking chickens, the participants were carried by wagon train the final ten miles to their destination: a spectacularly telegenic valley 5,700 feet above sea level bordering Gallatin National Forest, north of Yellowstone National Park.

The families lived in log cabins, each situated on a 160-acre parcel in the creek-fed valley. From one homestead to the next was a ten-minute walk.

AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY ONE DAY in September, some 20 weeks into the 22 weeks of production, smoke curls from the chimney of the log cabin home of newlyweds Nate and Kristen Brooks, both 28, of Boston. The two are sea-

soned wilderness hikers. Nate, who was raised on a farm in California, has worked as a college activities coordinator; Kristen is a social worker. Though they've lived together for years, she honored 1883 propriety by not arriving in the valley until their July wedding day. Nate's companion for the early days of the program was his father, Rudy, a retired corrections officer.

"When my father and I came up, there was nothing here but a pasture and a pile of logs," says Nate, wearing filthy jeans and a scraggly black beard. The two men lived in a tent—weathering freezing rain, hail and a nine-inch mid-June snowfall—as they notched and hoisted 300-pound logs with ropes and old-fashioned hand tools. (The other two families were provided with at least partly built cabins.) "My father is 68 years old, but he took on the challenge of being out here for six weeks without the comforts of his normal golf and bowling life," says Nate. Working under the tutelage of log cabin specialist Bernie Weisgerber, father and son finished making the cabin habitable a day before Kristen's arrival. (After the wedding Rudy flew home to California, where he became reacquainted with his wife, bowling ball and golf clubs.)

"I'm in the middle of goat cheese production," says Kristen, in granny boots and braids tied in twine. "I hadn't ever milked an animal before I got here." By law, homesteaders needed a permanent dwelling, and Kristen has done her part. She proudly points to a window she helped install.

PASSED IN 1862 TO SPUR SETTLEMENT of the West, the Homestead Act invited any U.S. citizen to file a claim for 160 acres of public land. If you "proved up"—occupied and farmed the homestead for five years—the land was yours. Nearly two million people, including many a tenderfoot, filed land claims over the act's 124 years (Alaska was the last state in which the act operated). But working a homestead was an endurance test that many settlers failed; just 40 percent of homesteaders lasted the five years.

It's still a test. "Without modern conveniences, it takes me five hours to make breakfast and lunch and then clean up," Kristen says. "It's *all* I do." (In the 1880s homesteaders typically ate off unwashed dishes, saving both time and water.) Divvying up the chores, Nate took on chopping and plowing, and Kristen became the cook. "It's kind of fun now, because I've embraced this role that I normally loathe," Kristen says. But it was hard in the beginning. "Nate could point to the cabin he built, the garden he planted, his chicken coop. But what could I show?" "When she's done with a whole day of work," says Nate, "and we've eaten the food and washed the dishes, things look exactly the same as the day before." Kristen couldn't even vent for the cameras. "The film crew would say, 'Oh, we've already done frustration.'"

Down the valley, Karen Glenn, a 36-year-old Tennessean, has to cook con-

For better or worse: Newlyweds Nate and Kristen Brooks split up the chores.

Back from the past, the Brookses now question modern appliances—except one.

The Glenn family (from left: Erinn, Karen, Logan and Mark) saved every lemon peel.

The Clunes (from left: Tracy, Gordon, Justin, Adrienne, Conor, Aine) loved the life.

Back home in Tennessee, says Karen Glenn, "there's so much noise and traffic."

After cabin life, the Clunes said they regretted buying their too-big Malibu house.

BLACK AND WHITE: STEPHEN ALVAREZ; JEFFREY BROWN; P. 44 CAMERON LAWSON

"There's tons and tons of work," says Tracy Clune (stacking hay with her cousin Aine). "There's not a day you get a break."

Nate Brooks, who built his own log cabin with his father, won the one-man crosscut saw competition held at the end of the stay.

stantly for her family of four: her husband, Mark, 45, and two children from a previous marriage, Erinn, 12, and Logan Patton, 9. Outgoing, feisty and cheerfully talkative, Karen is baking bread. When not cooking, she scrubs clothes on a washboard. She works as she talks. "In the 21st century, we're so into being clean," she says in a twangy drawl, ignoring buzzing houseflies. "We keep our bodies clean, our clothes clean, our houses clean. Here, we bathe only twice a week. But we have much less trash because we reuse everything." The Glenns even dry the peels from precious store-bought lemons to add to tea, then later chew on the tea-sweetened rinds. Empty tin cans serve as measuring cups, candle reflectors, stove racks, lunch pails and extra cooking pots. Karen uses tin can lids as mouse guards on a cord strung across the cabin for hanging grain sacks and ham shoulders. Tin can labels are used as writing paper.

A can of peaches packed in syrup is a rare treat. "The kids were arguing the other day over who would drink the leftover syrup. I said, 'None of you can. We'll save it and make jelly.'" The family consumes a fraction of the sugar that it did before. "One of the kids was saying the canned peaches tasted so sweet, why don't we buy these back home? I said, 'Honey, we've got cans of these back home, but you guys never wanted to eat them.'"

Though her own father was born in a log cabin, the life Karen leads back home in Tennessee—coaching soccer and working as a nurse—is thoroughly middle class. There, the Glenns race from jobs to games to fast-food joints in the family SUV, which features a backseat TV. Here, their only store is a tiny log cabin stocked by the production team with period produce and dry goods. The store is far enough away—a ten-mile trek over windswept ridges—to discourage impulse buys. Erinn and Logan make the trip riding the same horse. "Going camping in an RV just seems so frivolous now," Karen says.

Erinn, a blonde seventh grader with a newfound affinity for livestock, will never watch *Little House on the Prairie* with the same acceptance she once did. "I always wanted to be Laura," she says. Now that she *is* Laura, in effect, Erinn says the scripts need work. "Laura's never dirty, and you never see her milking a cow. Their biscuits are never burnt, and they never cuss at the stove, and they're never sad at dinner. Their store's right down the street, which isn't right, and she'd walk in and say, 'Can I have some candy?'" Erinn giggles indignantly. Candy is an indulgence to be savored. She says she makes butterscotch last a good seven minutes on her tongue.

"I make mine last about a year," says Logan. Erinn adds: "I sit there and go 'Mmmm.' Back home, I'd just chomp them up."

Karen's husband, Mark, who has been scything hay, walks up to the cabin and sits down. An admitted McDonald's junkie, Mark arrived with 183 pounds distributed on a six-foot frame but didn't consider himself overweight. After almost five months, he's lost nearly 40 pounds and needs suspenders or a rope belt to hold up his baggy pants. He takes in plenty of calories, what with all the biscuits, bacon, and eggs fried in lard that Karen serves up. But he also burns energy like a furnace. Executive producer Beth Hoppe jokes about publishing *The Frontier House Diet*.

Mark, an introspective and soft-spoken man, quit his job teaching at a community college to come out here. "The work's been twice as hard as I thought it was going to be, but at the same time I've never been more relaxed in my life," he says. Mark has come to regard the film crew, with their fluorescent T-shirts and designer water, as eccentric neighbors: he's happy to see them arrive, happier to see them leave. More than the other participants, he has

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found himself adapting heart and soul to frontier life. He even considered staying on alone after the TV production closed down. "This experience has truly changed me," he says simply.

AT THE LOW END OF THE VALLEY IS THE Clune family of Los Angeles. Gordon, 41, runs his own aerospace-manufacturing firm, and his wife, Adrienne, 40, does charity work. Here, they share the cabin with their daughter, Aine ("ahn-ya") and niece Tracy Clune, both 15, and their sons Justin, 13, and Conor, 9. "I had always romanticized the 19th century," Adrienne says as she spoons chokecherry syrup into jelly jars from a large copper pot on the woodstove. "I've always loved the clothes especially." Like the other women, Adrienne, a slender, fine-featured woman, was given three custom-made period outfits. The Sunday-best dress came with so many undergarments, from bloomers to bustle pads, that the full nine-layer ensemble weighs 12 pounds.

"I never wanted to take out the trash," says Tracy. "That was hard work for us in the modern world."

But food was not so bountiful. After initial supplies ran low, "We actually went hungry the first five weeks," she says, describing beans and cornmeal pancakes night after night. A gourmet cook, Adrienne wasn't about to extend her coffee with ground peas or to make "pumpkin" pie using mashed beans and spices, as many an old-time settler did. Deprived of cosmetics, Adrienne has taken to moisturizing her face with cow-udder cream.

Next to her, the girls are doing homework at the table. (All six children attend a one-room school in a converted sheep shed.) Aine and Tracy have tried charcoal in lieu of mascara, though they've been warned that in frontier days only showgirls and prostitutes painted their faces.

Conor, a recovering TV addict, bursts into the cabin with an arrow he's whittled and a handful of sage grouse feathers he plans to glue to its shaft. His older brother, Justin, shows off the vegetable garden and a huge hay pile where chickens lay their eggs. Child labor was a necessity on the frontier. "It's happened that a child failed to split firewood," says Adrienne pointedly but naming no names, "and I couldn't cook dinner that night."

The adjustment to frontier life was hardest for the girls. "There's tons and tons of work to be done," says Tracy. "There's not a day you get a break." Her grimy forearms are covered with scrapes and scabs from stringing barbed wire and carrying firewood. Back in California, her main pastimes were shopping, watching TV and talking on the phone. Her only chores were to bring the dogs in from the yard for the night and take out the garbage. "I never wanted to take out the trash, because we have a really steep driveway. That was hard work for us in the modern world." Here, Tracy has milked a cow in a driving snowstorm. Month by month, she and Aine have learned to work harder and complain less. "I feel like I've grown up a lot here," she says.

Gordon Clune's entrepreneurial personality, if not his lifestyle (he hadn't mowed the lawn in 16 years), suited him to the challenges. Pale and chubby when he arrived, a shirtless Gordon now looks suntanned and trim. "I'm a strong believer in making every day a little better than the day before," he says. At the spring, where they get water, he lifts a board that serves as a sluice gate, and water flows into a shallow trench he dug. "Before this, we carried 17 buckets of water to the garden every morning," he says. By cutting down on the water-fetching, he's had time to dig a root cellar, excavate a swimming hole and build a two-seater outhouse.

He has also found more time to make Gordon's Chokecherry Cure-All Tonic. Out past a jury-rigged shower, he

"Life in the American West has been greatly romanticized and mythologized," says program producer Simon Shaw. Nine-year-old Logan Patton got a dose of the reality.

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shows me a large copper still he designed. "It's just for sniffing purposes, but if I was to have tasted it, it tastes pretty good." He smiles. "If I *was*."

Gordon is proud of his homestead. "Get this," he says. "I can be watering the garden, digging the root cellar and making moonshine all at the same time. That's multitasking." He plans to keep improving things to the very last day of production, just over a week away. "In five years," he says, "I could have this place really wired."

"If a burglar had run off with our possessions, I wouldn't have cared," says Adrienne Clune.

newspaper ads and rural shop ledgers from Montana Territory in the 1880s to learn what things cost then. A pitchfork was $1; a dozen needles, eight cents. When tendinitis turned Karen Glenn's fingers numb, a local doctor made a house call. "We billed her for the doctor's travel at a dollar a mile, which is what it would have cost back then," says producer Simon Shaw. "Unfortunately, the doctor was 18 miles away." The bill wiped out a fourth of the Glenns' savings and forced Karen to take in laundry from "miners" at 20 cents a pound. One piece of clothing was stained with melted chocolate that production assistants had rubbed into it for a really grubby look. Karen recognized the aroma while scrubbing at her washboard. Her eyes filled with tears.

"This experience has truly changed me," says Mark Glenn (with wife, Karen), who quit his job teaching at a community college to go to Montana and participate in the series.

Because all three families find themselves hard-pressed to live entirely off the land, they barter among themselves—trading goat cheese for pies, or firewood for the loan of a horse. Storekeeper Hop Sing Yin, portrayed on camera by Butte rocket scientist and local history buff Ying-Ming Lee, handles cash transactions. He has agreed to buy 25 bottles of Gordon's cure-all tonic for $25—equivalent to two months' pay for an 1883 ranch hand. The program's researchers combed probate records,

Despite the *Frontier House* deprivations, no one was eager to pack up when filming ended in October. And when recontacted in March, the participants all claimed that the experiment had changed them.

"It was a whole lot easier adjusting to less out there than it was coming back here and adjusting to more," says Karen Glenn from Tennessee, where the couple decided to separate after they returned. "There's so much noise and traffic and lights on everywhere. It's overwhelming." Once home, she got rid of her car phone, her beeper and the premium cable-TV package, all once family necessities. And she doesn't use her dishwasher anymore. "Doing dishes in hot running water by hand is so nice now. It's my time to reflect, which I never used to do before."

In California, Adrienne Clune, too, has slowed her once-hectic pace. She says she drives less and shops less. Before the show, she and Gordon bought a new, 7,500-square-foot house in Malibu. They now say they regret it. "If we had waited till we got back from the frontier, we probably would have bought a much smaller, cozier house," Adrienne says. She keenly misses the family intimacy imposed by their 600-square-foot cabin. Moving into the new house, she found the experience of unpacking box after box of household items sickening. "If a burglar had run off with most of our possessions while we had them in storage, I wouldn't have cared," she says. "They're just things."

Though between jobs, Kristen Brooks says she's gained newfound confidence. "I feel like I could do anything now." Like the Glenns, Nate and Kristen have stopped using a dishwasher. They even question the necessity of flush toilets. But Kristen draws the line at giving up her washing machine. "That," she says, "is God's gift to the world."

Author Doug Stewart lives in Massachusetts with all the amenities (except TV). Photographer Glenn Oakley is based in Boise, Idaho.

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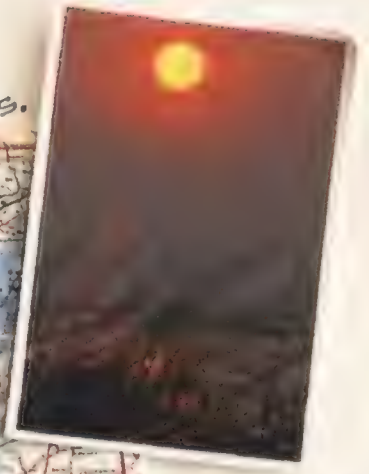

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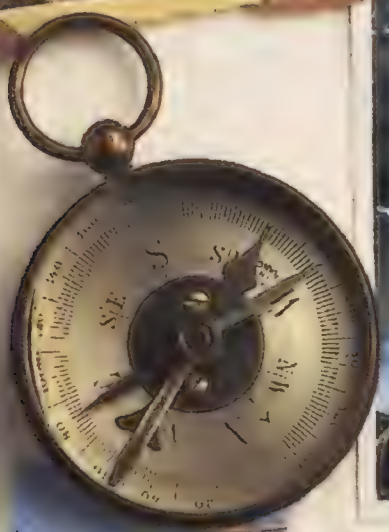

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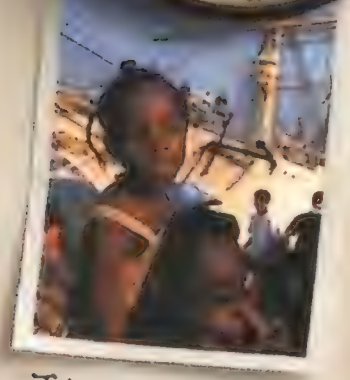

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Artemisia's Moment

AFTER BEING ECLIPSED FOR CENTURIES BY HER FATHER, ORAZIO, ARTEMISIA GENTILESCHI, THE BOLDEST FEMALE PAINTER OF HER TIME, GETS HER DUE

BY MARY O'NEILL

HOLOFERNES' HEAD IS UPSIDE DOWN. HIS FACE WRITHES IN AGONY. JUDITH drives her knee into his rib cage as he fights wildly, pushing his fist against her maidservant's breastbone. As Judith slices Holofernes' neck, blood spurts from his throat and runs onto the white linen bedsheets.

Nearly 400 years later, even jaded citizens of the modern world are startled by this image—a painting of the key moment in the story of Judith, the Jewish widow who saves the city of Bethulia from attacking Assyrians by murdering their commander. To Italian art patrons of the early 17th century, with their taste for dramatic, even violent, imagery, the artist's gender and notoriety only heightened the painting's effect. Tarnished by scandal and hindered by a society that expected women to be either nuns or wives, Artemisia Gentileschi nevertheless became the most accomplished female painter of her time. She was, according to the inscription on artist Jérôme David's engraving of her, "A miracle in painting, more easily envied than imitated."

These days, after centuries of neglect, Artemisia is everywhere. The *New York Times* called her "this season's 'it' girl." A popular new novel, *The Passion of Artemisia* by Susan Vreeland, was published in January, and the following month, *Lapis Blue Blood Red*, a play about her, opened off-Broadway. (Several scholarly books, a catalogue raisonné and two other novels have also been writ-

Artist Orazio Gentileschi (above in a c. 1632 portrait by Anthony van Dyck) taught and promoted his daughter Artemisia (right in her c. 1615-1617 *Self-Portrait as a Lute Player*).

"I HAVE SEEN MYSELF HONORED BY ALL THE KINGS AND RULERS OF EUROPE TO WHOM I HAVE SENT MY WORKS," ARTEMISIA WROTE IN 1635.

ten about her, and one of her works even figured in the plot of the *Masterpiece Theatre* series *Painted Lady* starring Helen Mirren. In 1997, she was the subject of a French film, *Artemisia*.) Most important, an exhibition of her works—and those of her once more-celebrated father, Orazio—at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has gone a long way toward solidifying her reputation as a dynamic and original artist, one of the very few female painters of her time bold enough to tackle historical and allegorical themes.

"Orazio and Artemisia Gentileschi: Father and Daughter Painters in Baroque Italy" features 51 paintings by Orazio and 35 by Artemisia. On view through May 12 at the Met before moving to the Saint Louis Art Museum (June 14 through September 15), this first retrospective of the father's and daughter's works highlights their divergent responses to Baroque influences.

Though in Artemisia's case the recognition is long overdue, the strong-willed self-promoter enjoyed considerable success in her own lifetime. Painter to dukes, princes, cardinals and kings, she was the first woman admitted to the prestigious Accademia del Disegno. "I have seen myself honored by all the kings and rulers of Europe to whom I have sent my works, not only with great gifts but also with most favored letters, which I keep with me," she wrote to her friend the astronomer Galileo in 1635. But her artistic achievements have had to compete with a real-life event. At the age of 17, she was raped by a colleague of her father's. The subsequent trial, and the 300-page transcript of it that survived, have shaped history's assessment of the artist.

ORAZIO GENTILESCHI WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PAINTERS TO respond to a new aesthetic bursting forth in Rome in 1600, Artemisia's 7th summer. The unveiling of a single commission—Caravaggio's two works on the life of Saint Matthew—introduced key elements of a new canon, eventually called Baroque. Until that summer, Orazio had supported himself, his wife and four children by executing rather bland commissions for various altarpieces and chapels in Rome. But thunderstruck by Caravaggio's vision, 37-year-old Orazio enthusiastically embraced the younger artist's dramatic narratives, dynamic plays of light and shadow, energetic compositions, and close-ups of reality, such as a horse's rump or a rotting corpse. Caravaggio scandalized the art world by painting directly, in an unidealized fashion, from live models, some of whom, rumor had it, were prostitutes; rivals even claimed he had used the body of a drowned woman as a model for his stiffened, barefoot Mother of Christ on her deathbed.

Orazio befriended Caravaggio and made the rounds with him of cheap taverns. But owing perhaps to the younger man's hotheadedness and Orazio's own "savage temperament," as one contemporary described it, the friendship was short-lived. Caravaggio's influence, however, was not. For Orazio's magnificent *Madonna and Child* (1609), he drafted as his models a neighbor from the parish of Santa Maria del Popolo, where he was living at the time, and her child. His naturalistic depiction of the Madonna, without halo or jewelry, tenderly nursing, reflects Caravaggio's influence and suggests a softer side to Orazio's character.

ARTEMISIA WAS 12 YEARS OLD IN 1605, THE YEAR HER mother, Prudentia Montoni, died in childbirth. Orazio initially harbored no artistic ambitions for his only daughter—envisioning a life as a nun for her instead. But Artemisia's ambition and talent soon asserted themselves. By the time she was 15, under her father's tutelage, she had begun to assimilate Caravaggio's methods. For her earliest known painting, *Susanna and the Elders* (1610), she likely used a live model, possibly herself reflected in a mirror. Rendering a scene from the biblical story of Susanna, in which two elders lust after a young matron, Artemisia depicted a voluptuous nude woman contorted into a defensive posture by the advances of two conspiring lechers. The work would prove all too prophetic.

Although Orazio kept his daughter confined to his house, according to the custom among respectable Romans of the time, the Gentileschi domicile also functioned as his studio, with its constant traffic of models, colleagues and patrons. The proximity to men fueled rumors that marred young Artemisia's reputation. On May 6, 1611, gossip turned to real injury. Having entrusted his 17-year-old daughter's supervision to a family friend, Orazio was away from the house when his business associate, and fellow painter, Agostino Tassi entered the home and raped Artemisia.

At the time, rape was viewed more as a crime against a family's honor than as a violation of a woman. Thus, only when the married Tassi reneged on his promise to marry Artemisia did Orazio bring charges against him. In the ensuing eight-month trial, Artemisia testified that she was painting when Tassi came into the room shouting, "Not so much painting, not so much painting." He then grabbed the palette and brushes from her hands and threw them to the floor. She fought and scratched to no avail, finally attacking him with a knife. To establish her truthfulness, authorities administered a primitive lie detector test—in the form of torture by thumbscrews, a common practice at the time. As the cords were tightened around her fingers, she was said to have cried out to Tassi, "This is the ring you give me, and these are your promises."

She must have passed the test; Tassi was convicted and sentenced to a five-year banishment from Rome (a punishment apparently never enforced). To get Artemisia away

P. 52 BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON; P. 53 CURTIS GALLERIES, MINNEAPOLIS; P. 55 GALLERIA DEGLI UFFIZI, FLORENCE

In Artemisia's sensational 1620 version of *Judith Slaying Holofernes*, painted for Cosimo II de' Medici, blood takes center stage; a drop stains Judith's breast, rivulets darken the sheets. Details such as the delicate bracelet on her arm make the violence even more shocking.

from Rome and the attendant scandal, Orazio arranged for her to marry a minor Florentine painter named Pierantonio Stiattesi. Shortly after the wedding, the newlyweds left for Florence, where Orazio had asked for patronage for his daughter from the grand duchess of Tuscany. "[She has] become so skilled that I can venture to say that today she has no peer," he had boasted to the duchess. "Indeed, she has produced works which demonstrate a level of understanding that perhaps even the principal masters of the profession have not attained."

Artemisia's work in Florence, where she perfected her sense of color in self-portraits and paintings such as the dazzling *Conversion of the Magdalene*, would mark the first step in her path toward artistic renown. By the time she left Florence in 1620 or 1621, still in her late 20s, she had painted at least seven works for the influential Grand Duke

"IF I WERE A MAN," ARTEMISIA DECLARED TO HER LAST MAJOR PATRON, "I CAN'T IMAGINE IT WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT THIS WAY."

Cosimo II de' Medici and his family. But as she wrote to him, "troubles at home and with my family,"—the loss of three children and her husband's apparent infidelity and extravagant spending—had taken their toll.

Eager for a fresh start, she moved to Rome and took a house on the Via del Corso with her husband and daughter Prudentia (the only one of their four children to survive). Financial distress and her husband's jealousy, however, continued to erode her marriage. One night in 1622, after finding a group of Spaniards on his doorstep serenading his wife, Pierantonio allegedly slashed one of them in the face. He later walked out on Artemisia and Prudentia (who would also become an artist).

The single mother found commissions hard to come by (Roman tastes had changed while Artemisia was in Florence). In 1627, with hope for new patronage, she moved to Venice, where she received a commission from Philip IV of Spain to paint a companion piece to Peter Paul Rubens and Anthony van Dyck's *Discovery of Achilles*. Two years later, fleeing the plague of 1630 (which wiped out one-third of Venice's population), Artemisia moved on to Naples, then under Spanish rule. There she completed the first altarpiece of her career and a public commission for a major church—honors that had eluded her perhaps because of her gender. Over the years, Artemisia would repeatedly complain about the pitfalls of competing in an exclusively male domain. "You feel sorry for me because a woman's name raises doubts until her work is seen," she wrote to her last major patron, Don Antonio Ruffo, chafing at having to haggle over prices and constantly defend the value and originality of her art. "If I were a man," she declared, "I can't imagine it would have turned out this way."

Orazio's 1609 *Madonna and Child* is noted for its lyrical use of color and light, its Caravaggesque naturalism and its tenderness.

ORAZIO HAD STAYED IN ROME WHEN ARTEMISIA LEFT FOR Florence and had gained a reputation as one of the finest painters in that city, winning commissions for important altarpieces and earning the patronage of the wealthy Savelli family. In 1621, at the invitation of Genoese nobleman Giovan Antonio Sauli, he moved to Genoa, where he embarked on the most significant phase of his career, painting a series of sensual compositions for Sauli: a *Penitent Magdalene*, a *Danaë* and the multifigured *Lot and His Daughters*. It was here that he also painted his masterful *Annunciation*. "These are stunning works of art," says Judith Mann, curator of early European art at the Saint Louis Art Museum and cocurator of the current exhibition. "They make you gasp as you walk into the room."

In Orazio's *Annunciation*, a depiction of the angel Gabriel kneeling before the Virgin Mary, an opulent red curtain, crisp white bedsheets and the Virgin's delicate gold scarf catch the light. Orazio's formal arrangement of the figures infuses the painting with a devotional solemnity. The painting suggests the stylistic divergence between father and daughter after each left Rome. Orazio tempered the drama he learned from Caravaggio with his own sense of refinement. His more formal compositions emphasize color and an accurate rendering of surface and texture rather than dramatic gestures. Artemisia created a sense of immediacy and used telltale details—such as the elegant bracelet circling Judith's murderous arm—as a counterpoint to her graphic depictions, thereby heightening the drama.

In Artemisia's circa 1625-1627 *Judith and Her Maidservant*, a less grisly version of the death of Holofernes often cited as a case study of high Baroque, Judith and her servant pause, seeming to hear a noise outside Holofernes' tent. The shadowy interior is theatrically illuminated by a single candle. Judith's hand shields her face from the glow, drawing attention to Holofernes' discarded iron gauntlet. The viewer's eye travels to the object in the maidservant's hands: Holofernes' severed head.

"Paintings of what you can't see, what you can't hear, abound in 17th-century art," says Keith Christiansen, curator of Italian paintings at the Met and cocurator of the exhibition. In a painting of the same theme done 20 years earlier, Orazio took a different tack. In his version, the women also look offstage, but their body language is more stylized. The folds of their dresses match, as do their profiles, as if the two assassins are in a dance. "Artemisia often takes the George Lucas route, aiming for theatrical effect," says Christiansen. "She wants you to be thoroughly repulsed. Orazio communicates this psychological moment in a for-

In her powerful rendition of *Susanna and the Elders*, painted when she was just 17, Artemisia portrays an anguished Susanna resisting the elders' lechery. Finished in 1610, it is her first known work.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ART, ROMANIA; P. 57 COLLECTION GRAF VON SCHÖNBORN, POMMERSFELDEN

"YOUR LORDSHIP WILL NOT SUFFER ANY LOSS WITH ME," SHE AVOWED. "YOU WILL FIND THE SPIRIT OF CAESAR IN THIS SOUL OF A WOMAN."

mal way, making even the ugly head beautiful. He favors fabric; she favors blood. He's the soft shoe to her stiletto."

Given Artemisia's early trauma, many modern viewers see such works as *Judith and Her Maidservant* and, most particularly, *Judith Slaying Holofernes*, as revenge painting. But scholars disagree about the significance of the rape in her work. Wealthy patrons with a taste for violence and eroticism may have had as much to do with her subject matter as painful memories (and Judith was a popular subject with male artists also). Furthermore, as Mann notes, fewer than a quarter of Artemisia's known paintings feature vengeful women. "We don't give Artemisia her due if we see her in that rut," Mann says. "We are probably missing a lot because of that expectation." Also missing, alas, are most of the paintings on which her reputation as a portraitist was built. Only the *Portrait of a Gonfaloniere* (a civic magistrate) and a few self-portraits, such as *La Pittura*, remain. In *Self-Portrait as a Lute Player*, likely painted while Artemisia was in Florence, the artist, looking serenely beautiful, portrays herself as a musician in elegant Florentine dress.

Orazio's stylized, choreographed take on *Judith and Her Maidservant* (top) looks quietly formal beside Artemisia's dynamic and stagy portrayal.

AS ORAZIO ENTERED HIS 60S, HIS success in Genoa emboldened him to market his skills to Marie de' Medici, the queen mother of France and a member of the most prestigious family in Tuscany. It was at her request that he moved to Paris in 1624, where he executed paintings for her Palais du Luxembourg. Orazio's connection to the queen mother paid other dividends. Not long after her daughter Henrietta Maria married Charles I of England, Orazio was recruited by the duke of Buckingham, whom he had met at the wedding, to come to the court of the English king.

The 62-year-old Orazio was installed in spacious London quarters, given generous living expenses and invited to dinners with royalty. As the only Italian painter and one of the few Catholic artists in London, he found his way into the circle of the Catholic queen Henrietta Maria. She soon had him working on the most extensive project of his career—the ceiling of her house at Greenwich—a nine-canvas representation of allegorical figures.

In 1638 or 1639, after sidestepping a four-year summons from Charles I and an entreaty from her father, Artemisia finally moved to London herself. Her attempts to secure work from powerful connections in Italy had failed, and despite the disagreeable prospect of working for a Protestant king and the strain of the trip, she needed money badly.

Details of any reunion with her father—it would have been at least 17 years since they had seen each other—are lost. In February 1639, Orazio died at age 75, after 13 years of service to the court of Charles I, who honored him with a lavish funeral.

Artemisia remained in London for two years, until assurances of work brought her back around 1641 to Naples, where she lived until her death in 1652 or '53, producing works such as *Galatea* and *Diana at Her Bath* for Don Antonio Ruffo. When he offered her less than the agreed-on price for the *Diana*, Artemisia was incensed: "I think Your Most Illustrious Lordship will not suffer any loss with me," she wrote in 1649, "and that you will find the spirit of Caesar in this soul of a woman."

In 1653, shortly after Artemisia's death, two well-known poets, Pietro Michiele and Gianfrancesco Loredan, the latter of whom had once written love letters to her, collaborated in publishing a poem written in her voice: *"In painting the portraits of this one and that one,/ I acquired infinite merit in the world./ In carving the horns [of the cuckold] that I gave to my husband,/ I abandoned the brush and took up the chisel."*

Although perhaps the sentiments of a rejected suitor, the lines aptly capture Artemisia's historic dilemma: for centuries her talent was overshadowed by the rumors and scandal surrounding her personal life. Now, she is getting the recognition she felt she deserved. "The works," she once declared, "will speak for themselves."

Mary O'Neill wrote on Renaissance portraits of women in September.

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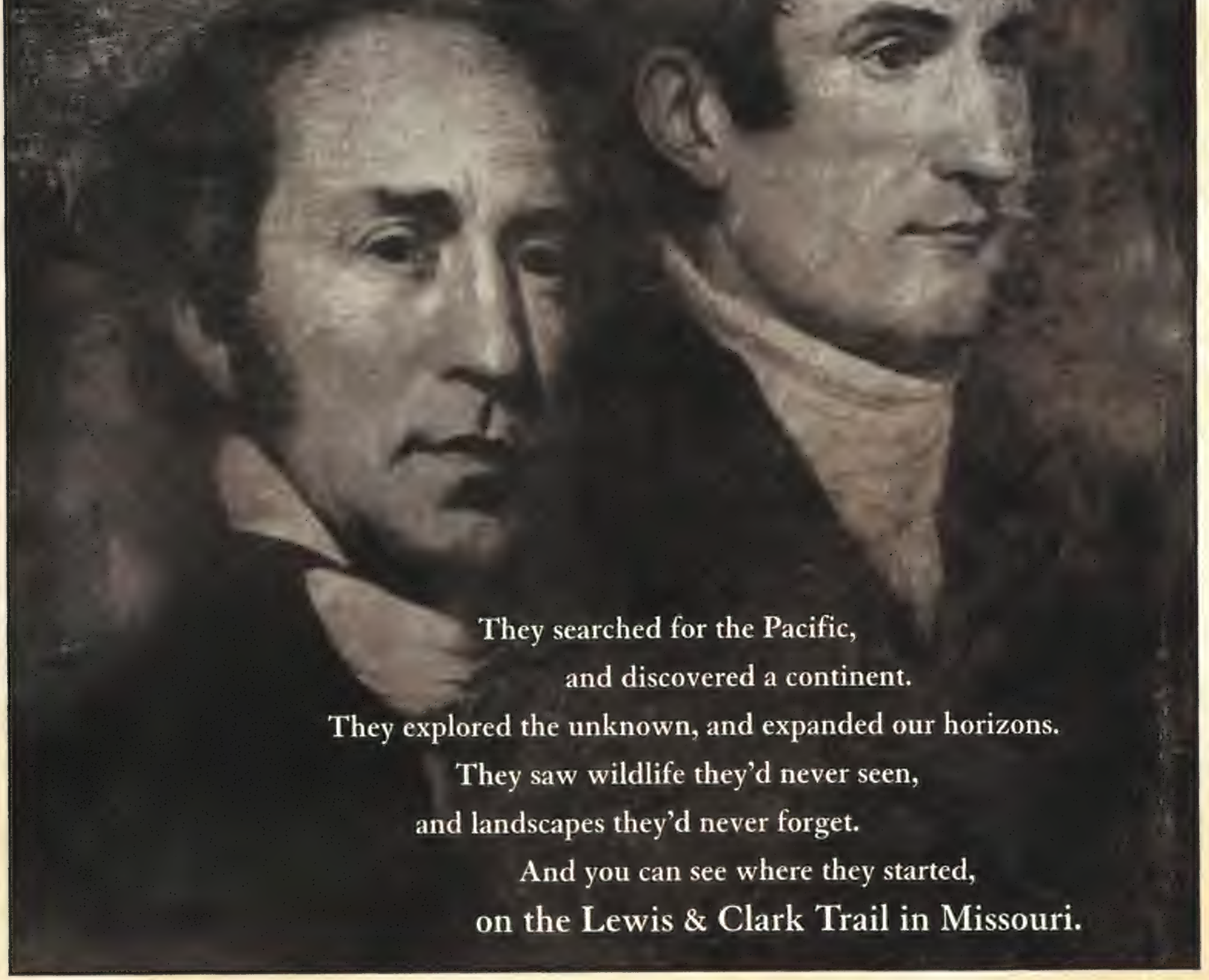

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Two hundred years ago, President Thomas Jefferson sent Meriwether Lewis, William Clark and the Corps of Discovery to explore 800,000 square miles acquired via the Louisiana Purchase. Here's a sampling of the riches still found along the trail today.

The Lewis & Clark expedition compass.

A Time of Preparation:

VIRGINIA, WEST VIRGINIA, PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, INDIANA AND KENTUCKY

President Jefferson had long dreamed of an expedition to North America's farthest frontiers. Monticello, his home near Charlottesville, Virginia, is currently re-creating the "Indian Hall" where Jefferson showcased artifacts sent back from the West. The yearlong exhibition in 2003 will be a highlight of festivities heralding the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial commemoration.

To prepare for the trip, Meriwether Lewis – Jefferson's longtime private secretary and an Army captain – went to Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, to get rifles and ammunition, and to Lancaster and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to study astronomy, surveying and medicine. Lewis picked up a keelboat in Pittsburgh, then floated down the Ohio River to meet William Clark, the man he'd invited to help lead the trip.

At the Falls of the Ohio, Lewis and Clark enlisted many members of their party and met with Clark's brother, Revolutionary War hero and frontiersman George Rogers Clark. Today, Falls of the Ohio State Park at Clarksville, Indiana, features a 19th-century cabin similar to the Clark brothers' dwelling. Across the river in Louisville, Kentucky, the Filson Historical Society Museum is home to a bighorn sheep bone brought back from the expedition.

Western artifacts were once showcased at Monticello, Jefferson's home, in Virginia.

Setting Off:

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND KANSAS

The Corps of Discovery spent the winter of 1803-1804 at Camp Dubois, near the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Their stay is the focus of the Lewis and Clark State Historic Site, a visitor center set to open in 2003 near Hartford, Illinois. Just south in St. Louis, Missouri, must-stops include the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, better known as the Gateway Arch; William Clark's grave in Bellefontaine Cemetery; and the Missouri Historical Society, which in 2004 will unveil the National Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Exhibition. This first-ever "reunion" of major artifacts and documents from the expedition opens in St. Louis before traveling to Philadelphia, Denver, Portland and Washington, D.C.

The party left Camp Dubois on May 14, 1804, idling briefly in St. Charles to wait for Lewis, who'd been running last-minute errands. In St. Charles, see the Lewis and Clark Center, which in spring 2003 moves to quarters it will share with the Discovery Expedition of St. Charles, avid river buffs who reenact Lewis and Clark's travels.

The trip across present-day Missouri served as a shakedown cruise while the Corps learned to navigate the unruly river. Modern travelers can leave the interstate to enjoy scenic driving, bicycling or hiking along the river's edge. Katy Trail State Park follows the Missouri River from the St. Charles area to Boonville, with many bed-and-breakfast inns and bicycle shops along the way. In the Kansas City area, see the impressive new Lewis and Clark statue in Case Park, overlooking the Missouri and Kansas rivers, and visit the National Frontier Trails Center in Independence to see how America moved west after Lewis and Clark.

Ride up the leg of the Gateway Arch in St. Louis, Missouri, America's tallest monument.

Lewis and Clark marked the first of three Fourth of July holidays on their journey at what is now Atchison, Kansas. Atchison pays tribute to the Corps at its riverfront Independence Park. The Frontier Army Museum at nearby Fort Leavenworth interprets the military aspects of Lewis and Clark's trip.

Meeting the Natives:

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA

In present-day Nebraska and Iowa, the explorers commented frequently about the expansive scenery and the plant and animal species, many new to science, they were encountering almost daily. These travels will be illuminated at the Missouri River Basin Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center, opening in 2004 in Nebraska City, Nebraska.

The Corps had its first meeting with Indian peoples (the Oto and Missouri) in August 1804. Fort Atkinson State Historical Park, north of Omaha at the town of Fort Calhoun, is near the original council grounds. Omaha and neighboring Council Bluffs, Iowa, have many other sites of interest to Lewis and Clark buffs. Look for the Western Historic Trails Center and hilltop Lewis and Clark Monument in Council Bluffs. In Omaha, the Joslyn Museum is famous for its collection of paintings and maps from the travels of Prince Maximilian of Germany and Swiss artist Karl Bodmer, who followed in Lewis and Clark's wake on the Upper Missouri. Lewis and Clark State Park near Onawa, Iowa, showcases lovingly built replicas of the explorers' keelboats and pirogues.

It's remarkable that in 28 months, the Lewis and Clark Expedition lost only one man: Sergeant Charles Floyd, who died from an infected appendix. Pause in Sioux City, Iowa, to pay your respects at the Sergeant Floyd Monument. Sioux City unveils its Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center in fall 2002. Visitors can pick up a miniature journal, choose a role to play and write their impressions as they tour the exhibits.

Ponca, Nebraska, marks the eastern gateway of the Missouri National Recreation River, two free-flowing stretches on the Nebraska-South Dakota border. Visit Ponca State Park for views of the Missouri in both its channeled and free states. Not far west, near where the Corps encountered the Yankton Sioux, the Lewis and Clark Visitor Center at Gavins Point Dam interprets this historic meeting.

North of Vermillion, South Dakota, the explorers detoured to climb a hill described by the region's Indians as a much-feared dwelling of tiny spirits. Today, Spirit Mound is one of the only places where modern travelers can know they're standing where the captains stood. The mound is being restored to its 19th-century appearance with native grasses and wildflowers.

A keelboat replica doubles as a Missouri River overlook at the new Lewis & Clark Information Center on I-90 at Chamberlain, South Dakota. At this visitor center and others in South Dakota (including one north of Sioux City on I-29), motorists can borrow a Lewis and Clark travel audiotape. Sioux Nation history is showcased at the Akta Lakota Museum, also in Chamberlain on the campus of St. Joseph's Indian School.

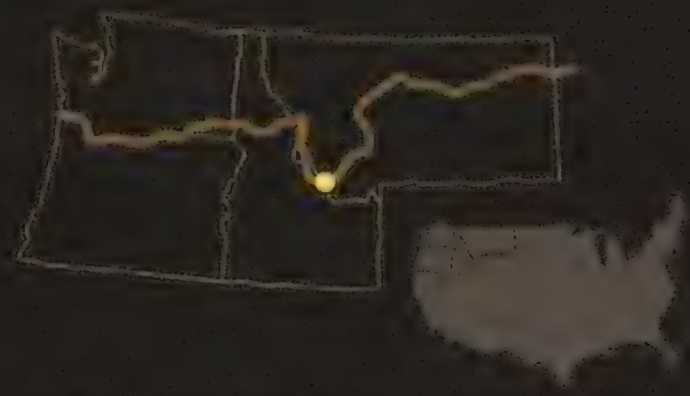
The Corps endured tense moments in council with the Teton Sioux, who tried for several days to block the expedition's movement upriver – events recounted on interpretive signs in the Pierre, South Dakota area. The expedition had much friendlier relations with the Arikara Indians. A replica Arikara lodge can be seen at West Whitlock Recreation Area west of Gettysburg, South Dakota. Near Mobridge, there's a hilltop monument to Sacagawea, whom the expedition would soon meet in what is now North Dakota.

Fruitful Plains:

NORTH DAKOTA AND EASTERN MONTANA

By mid-October 1804, the captains were looking for a place to spend the winter. After scouting land near the Arikara villages and passing abandoned Mandan

It moved Lewis
to words.
It might leave
you speechless.



August 12, 1805
Meriwether Lewis

...two miles below McNeal had exultingly stood with a foot on each side of this little rivulet and thanked his god that he had lived to bestride the mighty & heretofore deemed endless Missouri. after refreshing ourselves we proceeded on to the top of the dividing ridge from which I discovered immence ranges of high mountains still to the West of us with their tops partially covered with snow. ... here I first tasted the water of the great Columbia river.

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lodges (at present-day Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park), the explorers arrived at Mandan, Minitari (Hidatsa) and Arikara settlements near the Knife River. The Corps built Fort Mandan and passed the winter of 1804-1805 trading with the Indians and gathering information for the following year's travels. They also hired interpreter Toussaint Charbonneau, who accompanied the party when it left the following spring, along with his young wife Sacagawea and their newborn son, Jean Baptiste. Although she was not truly a guide, Sacagawea and her baby served as

A Sacagawea reenactor at the Clark Day Celebration.

symbols that the expedition came in peace, and her knowledge of the lands to the West and family connections among the Shoshone Indians would prove critical to the expedition. On April 7, 1805, Lewis and Clark sent the keelboat and 11 men back to St. Louis. The rest of the party resumed upriver travel the same day.

The Washburn-Stanton area north of Bismarck has abundant historic treasures. Don a buffalo robe or refine your trading skills at the North Dakota Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center, then visit the Fort Mandan replica, where costumed interpreters depict life at the winter post. At Knife River Indian Villages National Historic Site, tour a magnificent earth-lodge and learn about the local tribes' history and culture. Visitors who want to experience the area in winter, as the Corps of Discovery did, can attend Heritage Outbound Winter Camps run by the State Historical Society of North Dakota.

Upriver from Garrison Dam, the Missouri turns into Lake Sakakawea (the local spelling of the Shoshone woman's name). Three Affiliated Tribes Museum at New Town exhibits beautiful Indian bead- and quillwork. In 2003, look for the opening of the Confluence Interpretive Center at the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers.

Pompeys Pillar National Monument east of Billings, Montana, is the only place on the Lewis and Clark Trail where you can see physical evidence of the expedition's passage. Clark signed his name here during the homeward voyage on July 25, 1806, traveling down the Yellowstone River on his way to meet Lewis, who had taken a separate party to explore the Two Medicine River country of northwest Montana.

"Pomp" was Clark's nickname for Sacagawea's son.

Traveling through what is now the Upper Missouri River Breaks National Monument in Montana, Lewis wrote of the fantastic white cliffs stacked above the riverbanks, marveling, "As we passed on it Seemed as if those Seens of Visionary enchantment would never have an end." Call the Bureau of Land Management at (406) 538-7461 for a list of outfitters leading trips through the area. The historic town of Fort Benton is an outfitting spot for many such trips.

At the Marias River, the Corps was stumped by which fork was the true Missouri. They scouted both rivers in search of the Great Falls of the Missouri, which Indians had told them about. Instead of one waterfall, the explorers found five and spent a month portaging around them all. Great Falls is now home to the Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail Interpretive Center, featuring extensive interpretation of the Corps' interactions with Native Americans.

On The Continental Divide

WESTERN MONTANA AND IDAHO

Between Great Falls and Helena, Montana, stop for a narrated boat cruise at the area Lewis named the Gates of the Rocky Mountains. In Helena, the Montana Historical Society and the Montana State Capitol both feature Lewis and Clark-themed artworks by Western painter C.M."Charlie" Russell.

Sacagawea had camped with her Shoshone family near what is now Missouri Headwaters State Park, and she started recognizing landmarks in the area. Lewis, moving ahead with a small party, arrived at Lemhi Pass on August 12, 1805, only to realize there were many more mountains to cross – and no easy Northwest Passage to the Pacific as President Jefferson had hoped.

The next day, Lewis met the Shoshones, in what is now Idaho's Lemhi Valley, and asked them to return over the pass for a council. The Shoshones' Chief Cameahwait turned out to be Sacagawea's brother, and he agreed to give the explorers the horses they needed to cross the Continental Divide. In summer, high-clearance vehicles can travel over Lehmi Pass using back roads from Clark Canyon Dam south of Dillon, but call (406) 683-3900 to check on conditions. The road is not suitable for RVs or vehicles towing trailers.

The Shoshone heroine is honored at the new Sacajawea Interpretive, Cultural

"Ocian in view! O! the joy."

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UNEDITED EXCERPT FROM HIS JOURNAL

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The West's drama of nature at Beaverhead Rock, Montana.

and Education Center, opening August 2002 near Salmon, Idaho. (Although rarely used by modern historians, the spelling "Sacajawea" remains in favor in her Idaho homeland.) At North Fork, Idaho, Clark led a reconnaissance of the Salmon River, but found it impassable. So the captains decided to continue north on horseback over Lost Trail Pass.

The Corps reentered present-day Montana and met the Salish Indians, with whom they traded for more horses. Near the modern-day town of Lolo, the explorers camped at an area they dubbed Travelers' Rest, now a Montana state park. From here, the expedition moved back into the Bitterroots. U.S. Highway 12 parallels their route today, passing by such landmarks as Lolo Hot Springs Resort and Lolo Pass.

Most modern motorists will want to stay on Highway 12, a scenic route along the Lochsa and Clearwater rivers. Highlights include plenty of camping, fishing, hiking and historic sites. The Corps, however, found the Lochsa too rough and instead opted for the ridgetop Lolo Trail, used for centuries by Nez Perce and Salish people. Modern travelers can follow part of the Lolo Trail on Forest Road 500, but it's essential to contact the Clearwater National Forest at (208) 476-4541 for information on outfitters (horseback, mountain bike and van trips are offered), road conditions and any necessary permits. Remember, too, that much of this region is sacred to Native Americans, so treat it with respect.

Finally, on September 20, 1805, Clark and an advance party made it out of the mountains and met the Nez Perce Indians, who helped them recover from their ordeal. Clearwater country landmarks include the Canoe Camp site near Orofino, Idaho, where the Corps built new boats; Nez Perce National Park headquarters at Spalding; and the confluence of the Clearwater and Snake rivers, where a new interpretive center is planned at Hells Gate State Park just outside Lewiston.

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Toward the Pacific:

WASHINGTON AND OREGON

The expedition moved swiftly down the Snake River to its confluence with the Columbia. The Tri-Cities of Richland, Pasco and Kennewick, Washington, now sit at this juncture, and Pasco's Sacajawea State Park (again, retaining the traditional spelling) has a small interpretive center. From the Tri-Cities, consider backtracking on the Corps' 1806 route to Lewis and Clark Trail State Park near Waitsburg, where rangers present living history programs Saturday evenings in summer. On the way, visit Fort Walla Walla Museum to see a Lewis and Clark diorama or take in the Lewis and Clark Days festival, held early each June.

From the Snake-Columbia confluence, the explorers continued oceanward, navigating formidable barriers at Celilo Falls, The Dalles and the Cascades of the Columbia. The Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area remains among the most beautiful places along Lewis and Clark's route. Boat trip options range from short excursions aboard the Sternwheeler Columbia Gorge to multi-day small-ship voyages. Several fine museums offer Lewis and Clark interpretation, including the Maryhill Museum of Art near Goldendale, Washington; the Columbia Gorge Discovery Center at The Dalles, Oregon; and the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center at Stevenson, Washington. The expedition saw the first effects of tidewater near Beacon Rock, now a Washington state park. The Oregon side of the Gorge, meanwhile, is home to the Columbia River Scenic Highway, noted for its spectacular waterfalls. In Portland, Oregon, don't miss the Oregon History Center, with its trompe l'oeil mural featuring Lewis,

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The salty sea and air of Tillamook Head, Ecola State Park, Oregon. Photo: ©Brent W. Phelps

Clark, Sacagawea, Pomp and Seaman. Lewis & Clark College has the world's most complete collection of printed materials on the expedition.

Excitement grew as the Corps neared the coast. "Great joy in camp," Clark reported November 7, 1805. "We are in view of the Ocian." The Corps had actually only reached Gray's Bay, named for the American ship captain Robert Gray, who had anchored there in 1792. But they were close enough to taste saltwater, and this was close enough to know that they'd nearly met their goal.

The Corps scouted the area before crossing the Columbia, where conditions seemed more favorable for a winter stay. The decision was made by a vote of the entire party, including York and Sacagawea. This historic event took place November 24 in what the explorers called Station Camp, soon to be the site of an interpretive area along the Columbia River near Chinook, Washington. Other sites worth seeing include the newly renovated Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center at Fort Canby State Park and the Ilwaco Heritage Museum.

The Corps had a hard winter on the Oregon coast. It rained all but 12 days of their 106-day stay; the men were plagued by fleas; and fresh game remained hard to find. Fort Clatsop National Memorial near Astoria, Oregon, features fascinating living history programs and a reconstruction of the Corps of Discovery's 1805-1806 winter quarters.

Lewis and Clark took a year-and-a-half to reach the Pacific Ocean. They made the return trip in a third of the time, leaving Fort Clatsop on March 23, 1806, and arriving back in St. Louis on September 23 that year. Reporting to Congress in December, President Jefferson praised the captains' efforts, noting, "It is but justice to say that Mssrs Lewis and Clark and their brave companions have by this arduous service deserved well of their country."

Justice, indeed.

Julie Fanselow is the author of Traveling the Lewis & Clark Trail *(Falcon/Globe Pequot), a comprehensive modern-day guidebook to the historic route, and of the www.lewisandclarktravel.info website.*

Front Cover Photo: Fort Pierre National Grasslands, SD; ©Brent W. Phelps

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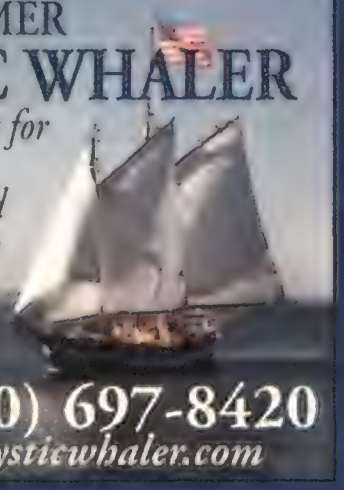

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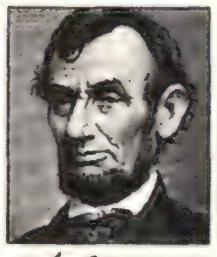

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TORPEDOED!

IN A NEW BOOK ON THE 1915 SINKING OF THE OCEAN LINER *LUSITANIA*, HISTORIAN DIANA PRESTON PRESENTS FRESH FINDINGS ABOUT THE ATROCITY AND DRAWS ON RECENTLY DISCOVERED INTERVIEWS WITH SURVIVORS TO BRING THE TERRIBLE HUMAN DRAMA TO LIFE

Diana Preston traces her investigation of the sinking of the Lusitania, the British passenger liner torpedoed in May of 1915 by a German submarine off the coast of Ireland, to the day in 1998 that she came across the ship's "giant bronze propeller, stark as a dinosaur bone, sitting on the quayside in Liverpool's docks."

The relic so intrigued Preston, a noted historian and author of The Boxer Rebellion, that she would devote three years to investigating the incident and conduct dozens of interviews, trying to better understand "how a ship carrying civilian men, women and children could have been sunk without warning." She tracked down passengers' families, pored over military documents in England, Germany and the United States, plunged into the files of the ocean liner's company, Cunard, and listened to interviews with survivors and witnesses recorded decades ago by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. "It was an extraordinary sensation to hear those voices speaking out across the years, sometimes so choked with emotion as they described losing hold of parents or children in the cold water," says Preston.

She unearthed evidence that sheds new light on the attack, which killed 1,201 of the 1,962 people aboard and, in her view, heralded the brutality that would characterize World War I. "The sinking of the Lusitania signaled a sea-change in the nature of warfare," she writes in Lusitania: An Epic Tragedy, published this month. Following world condemnation after the sinking, German authorities recanted their initial boasts that they had deliberately torpedoed the ocean liner, saying that the captain of the submarine that launched the two torpedoes—one of which struck home—didn't know what he was firing at. Though historians have differed on the degree of Germany's culpability, Preston, analyzing documents in a German military archive, found evidence that the attack was "premeditated and that German U-boats had, in fact, been stalking the liner for months." Moreover, Preston writes that the German submarine's logbook was doctored after the event, "probably when the Kaiser began to fear defeat and the potential for war crimes charges."

Preston's research bears directly on questions about the incident that spark debate to this day. Though the attack helped draw the United States into the war, she found no evidence that the British had, in any way, allowed the Lusitania to be sunk as a ploy to recruit American support, contrary to conspiracy theories. At the same time, she documents that British officials largely ignored warnings by the Imperial German Embassy in Washington—published in 50 American newspapers—that vessels flying the British flag were "liable to destruction."

Nor did Preston substantiate German claims that the ship was carrying Canadian troops and was thus a legitimate target. But she does present evidence that the liner was transporting munitions and weapons. That's significant because British authorities played down that fact at the official inquiry, presumably out of concern that the public would assume that exploding munitions contributed to the tragedy. In fact, a technical study commissioned by Preston found that the ship foundered so quickly—in just 18 minutes—because the torpedo struck it just below the bridge, causing catastrophic structural failure.

But for all its political intrigue and controversy, the story's enduring significance, Preston says, lies in the remarkable courage of the stricken liner's passengers. In a collection of unpublished papers, she tracked one woman's quest to learn the fate of her young son, a passenger. The hundreds of letters the woman received cast new light on the Lusitania's final moments and show, says Preston, "how despite the confusion and danger, people instinctively helped one another regardless of nationality, gender or age. They prove the resilience of the human spirit in the worst of times."

The 785-foot-long Lusitania, whose

The Lusitania received a celebrity's welcome in New York after her maiden voyage in September 1907. Capt. William Turner (inset) commanded the ship in May 1915.

Adapted from *Lusitania: An Epic Tragedy*, published this month by Walker & Company. © 2002 by Diana Preston.

The 785-foot vessel looked like a "skyscraper adrift" and provided even second-class passengers space to relax and play games.

home port was Liverpool, was put into service in September 1907. Her last voyage began May 1, 1915, when she steamed out of New York. The reader should be warned that the following exclusive excerpt from Preston's book contains graphic descriptions of the violence that befell passengers. The incident occurred some ten miles off the coast of Ireland. German U-20 submarine Capt. Walther Schwieger, 2,300 feet from the ship, gave the order to fire at 2:10 P.M., local time:

JUST TEN MINUTES AFTER THE torpedo struck, *Lusitania*'s captain, William Turner, knew he could do nothing to save his ship. With water already lapping over the liner's bows, he told Staff Capt. John Anderson to lower the lifeboats into the water. But the listing to starboard made launching boats from the port side virtually impossible, since they were "all swinging into the ship." Seamen and passengers struggled to push the lifeboats out over the rail, but their desperate efforts produced catastrophic results. Third Officer Albert Bestic appealed at the top of his voice to men in the crowd pressing around him to help him heave the No. 2 boat, loaded with women and children, over the side. Hard as they tried, they did not have the strength to shift its more than two tons of weight. Bestic watched helplessly as the boat slammed against the superstructure, crushing people as it went. Even when the boats were successfully pushed over the rail, they bumped down the ship's side, where rivets, protruding nearly two inches, snagged them. At each bump and jolt people spilled like rag dolls into the water below.

Ogden Hammond, a former U.S. diplomat from Hoboken, New Jersey, and his wife, Mary, were among a frightened group seeking temporary sanctuary high above the water when a petty officer told Mrs. Hammond to get into a lifeboat. She refused to be parted from her husband. Seeing that there was space for them both, they climbed in. According to Ogden Hammond, "The boat was about half filled, about 35 people in it. They started to lower the boat, and the men at the bow let the tackle slip." Hammond, perched in the bow of the boat, grabbed at the speeding rope falls [block and tackle] used to hoist and lower the boats, losing "all the skin off my right hand." The bow dropped but "the stern tackle held, and everybody fell out of that boat," some 60 feet above the water. The lifeboat then broke free, crashing on top of the

PP. 61 AND 63 HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES
P. 62 BROWN BROTHERS; BETTMANN/CORBIS

people struggling in the water below. Ogden never saw his wife again.

On the starboard side, lifeboats were swinging crazily away from the ship. Some of the more agile passengers jumped seven or eight feet to get into them. Frantic passengers hindered the crew manning the rope falls. There was no public-address system. The officers shouting out orders could barely be heard over the din of wood scraping against metal and the cries and shouts of frightened passengers. Able Seaman Leslie Morton rushed to lower a full lifeboat. He grabbed the afterboat fall while another seaman operated the forward fall. They succeeded in lowering the boat to the water. But because the *Lusitania* was still plowing through the sea, the boat immediately fell back, coming up alongside the listing ship directly beneath the next lifeboat being lowered. Morton could only watch aghast as the boat full of people broke free and dropped 30 feet onto the first boat. Morton heard "a gradual crescendo of noise as the hundreds and hundreds of people began to realize that, not only was she going down very fast but in all probability too fast for them all to get away." It was "a horrible and bizarre orchestra of death."

James Brooks, a passenger from Bridgeport, Connecticut, was also unnerved by what he had seen, especially the people who had tumbled out of the boats "bobbing for a mile back." Seeing that the water was almost up to the Boat Deck, he helped some 20 or 30 women clinging to the rail into a boat and jumped in after them. The tackle, fall and snubbing chain were still attached, and he looked around desperately for a hammer to release the boat. Finding none, he and a crewman "both used our fists" but could make no impression. He heard "a crushing sound of wood" and saw that "the boat would never get away." He and the sailor both jumped and began swimming.

Looking down the starboard deck, Boston bookseller Charles Lauriat saw that "wild confusion had broken loose." Boat No. 7, filled with women and children, was still attached to the ship. He jumped in and tried to free the after falls. At the forward falls a steward was "bravely cutting away at the thick ropes with a pocket knife." Lauriat grimly wished the man had an ax. He tried to go to his aid, "but it was impossible to climb through that boatload of people, mixed up as they were with oars, boat hooks, kegs of water, rope ladders, sails, and God knows what." Looking up at the tremendous smokestack hanging out over them as the ship listed even farther only added to the terror. Lauriat pleaded with the boat's occupants to jump, "but truly they were petrified." Lauriat gave up and jumped himself. Looking back, he saw the lifeboat dragged under. He heard the choking cries of its occupants as the waters closed over them.

Though passenger Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt (in top hat) could not swim, he gave his life jacket to a woman and carried children to lifeboats before going down with the ship.

As the ship continued to list, some of those still trapped on board began to panic. Lucy and Harold Taylor were standing at the rail, near a lifeboat loaded with women. "I won't go, I won't!" Lucy Taylor was screaming. Her husband extricated himself from her embrace, kissed her and dropped her into the boat. As it pulled away she could see him waving to her; she waved back as he went down with the ship.

Seeing that the ship's screw propellers and rudders were out of the water, some passengers tried to slide down wires and ropes. Many threw propriety to the winds and stripped down, believing their chances of survival would be bet-

BROWN BROTHERS

ter if they were wearing fewer clothes.

Charlotte Pye had grabbed her baby, Marjorie, and run onto the deck. She saw "women shouting and screaming and praying to be saved." Again and again she was thrown off her feet by the list. A man came up to her and said, "Don't cry. It's quite all right," to which the distraught mother replied, "No, it isn't." He promised to find her a life jacket. Then, failing to locate one, he gave her his own. As he tied it on her, Charlotte recognized him as the man who had paid her five dollars for a charity concert program the previous evening: American millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt. Seeing how steeply the ship was now listing, he advised her to carry her baby in her arms. He then helped her toward a boat. The crew helped her climb in, then handed the child to her. Looking up, Charlotte thought that the *Lusitania* was "just about ready to roll on top of us." She had "the terrible feeling that I'd have to get up and push her back." Canadian nurse Alice Lines saw Vanderbilt with his valet, Ronald Denyer, by his side. She heard him say, "Find all the kiddies you can, boy." The man rushed off immediately to collect the children, and as he brought them to Vanderbilt, the millionaire "dashed to the boats with two little ones in his arms at a time." He looked as composed as if waiting for a train. According to the ship's barber, Lott Gadd, Vanderbilt was "trying to put life jackets on women and children. The ship was going down fast. When the sea reached them, they were washed away. I never saw Vanderbilt after that. All I saw in the water was children everywhere."

Theodate Pope, a spiritualist from Connecticut, and her colleague Edwin Friend decided to jump. They reached the port side and pushed their way toward the stern, "which was now uphill work." Theodate's maid, Emily Robinson, joined them, "her habitual smile" frozen on her face. Friend found life jackets for them all. They "could now see the grey hull and knew it was time to jump." Theodate begged him to go first, which he did. He surfaced, and she saw "a pleasant smile of encouragement on his face." Theodate stepped forward, slipped, but then found a foothold on a roll of canvas. With a patrician instruction to her maid—"Come, Robinson"—she pushed off from the canvas and leaped into the sea.

Bellboy Ben Holton had tried to help launch lifeboats but gave up in despair. Looking toward the bridge, he saw a wretched-looking Captain Turner "watching the ship go down." The boy slipped through a mass of "pushing and struggling" people, hopped on the rail under the bridge on the port side, and took a header into the Atlantic Ocean. It was "very, very cold."

German submarine Capt. Walther Schwieger's war diary described the death of the *Lusitania*: *2.10 p.m. Great confusion on board; boats are cleared away and some are lowered into the water. Apparently considerable panic; several boats, fully laden, are hurriedly lowered, bow or stern first and are swamped at once. Because of the list fewer boats can be cleared away on the port side.*

2.25 p.m. Since it seems as if the steamer can only remain afloat a short while longer, dive to 24 meters and head out to sea.

Schwieger later told a friend: "It was the most terrible sight I have ever seen. It was impossible for me to give any help. I could have saved only a handful. . . . I gave orders to dive to twenty meters and away."

WATER RUSHED INTO THE *LUSITANIA*'S collapsing stacks. A clergyman's wife, Margaret Gwyer, was sucked deep inside the cavernous vent of a funnel. Moments later she was amazed to be shot out again in a huge column of ashes, soot and oily black water. Most of her clothing had been torn off. One passenger struggling amid the debris in the water glanced back and saw the *Lusitania* about to take her final plunge. He forgot his own plight for a moment, transfixed by the shocking, almost incredible sight. To theatrical designer Oliver Bernard it had "something of picturesque grandeur about it, even though we knew that many hundreds of helpless souls, caught like rats in a gilded trap, were in her." Lifeboats were still hanging lopsidedly and futilely from the davits. A man dangling from a rope over the ship's stern was heard to shriek as a still-revolving propeller sliced off his leg. The stern itself, Bernard recalled, "was crowded with people who seemed to make for the last piece of the wreck left above water; while others, unsuccessful in their efforts to gain this temporary safe place, were falling over the side. All around were wreckage and human beings struggling for life."

Holton, the bellboy, "heard a roar like thunder inside the ship as if the vital parts had broken loose." To James

Brooks, it sounded like "the collapse of a great building during a fire." As the *Lusitania* slid down into the water, some onlookers thought she nearly righted herself. Then the "mighty crescendo of screams and cries of fear died away to a whisper" as the ship turned slowly onto her starboard side "and went under the water." At 2:28 P.M., a mere 18 minutes after the U-20 had attacked, the *Lusitania* disappeared beneath the surface of the Atlantic. Steward Robert Barnes and Seaman Thomas O'Mahoney felt a "violent underwater explosion." Holton saw

Frank Hook, who was injured when he jumped from the second deck of the ship, was reunited with his father and sister, also survivors, in a Queenstown hospital.

"clouds of steam and surging water" over the spot where the ship had gone down. The ocean seethed like "a boiling wilderness that rose up as if a volcanic disturbance had occurred beneath a placid sea." The mound of foaming water sent "swimmers, corpses, deckchairs, oars, and wreckage churning upwards to the surface." Survivors instinctively shielded their heads with their hands as a tidal wave of debris surged toward them.

As the waters gradually stilled, they left "a circle of people and wreckage about half a mile across." Those with sufficient presence of mind looked toward land in the hope of seeing rescue ships steaming out from Queenstown, Ireland. There was nothing. They could only cling to wreckage and hope to be picked up by one of the lifeboats that had got away from the ship. In some cases they had most to fear from each other. Matt Freeman, a British boxing champion, had gashed his head open when he dived into the sea, then struggled with five other men for a hold on a barrel that clearly could not support them all. In desperation he let go but managed to grab the keel of an upturned lifeboat. Having jumped into the water, Theodate Pope found herself "being washed and whirled up against wood." Opening her eyes, she saw through the green water that she was being dashed against the keel of a lifeboat. Something hit her hard on the head, but, although half-stunned, she surfaced at last. "People all around me were fighting, striking and struggling," she later recalled. Then a man "insane with fright" made "a sudden jump and landed clean on my shoulders, believing I could support him." He had no life jacket, and his weight was pushing her back under. Somehow she found the strength to say "Oh, please don't" before the waters closed over her. Feeling her sink, the man let go. Theodate surfaced again and looked around for Edwin Friend. Instead she saw close by her an elderly man, another man with a bloody gash in his forehead, and a third clasping a small tin tank as a float. Seeing an oar floating nearby, she pushed one end toward the old man and took hold of the other. Moments later she lost consciousness.

Pye dimly heard someone shout, "Take the lady on, for God's sake, she's almost gone."

Charlotte Pye had lost her infant daughter, Marjorie, when she fell from her lifeboat into the water. When Pye finally surfaced, all she could see were bodies "and those that were living were screaming and shouting, wanting to be saved." She drifted on with the tide, washing up against an upturned boat. A collapsible boat rowed toward them. Pye dimly heard someone shout, "Take the lady on, for God's sake, she's almost gone." For a moment, the occupants debated whether to help her. Then, covered in grease and soot, she was pulled aboard.

After Margaret Cox, a Canadian, tossed her baby son, Desmond, into a lifeboat, she was pushed in after him. The boat was lowered, but when Cox tried to pick up the boy, people shouted, "We don't know if it's your baby or not." Cox insisted he was. Sitting in the lifeboat, clutching Desmond to her, she tried not to look at "the people that swam up and begged to be taken in." The boat was bursting with people "packed one on top of the other." She felt herself go "a little mad."

As time passed, the tightly packed mass of people and wreckage began to drift apart with the current. People were becoming paralyzed with cold—the water temperature was about 52 de-

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A total of 472 passengers, such as this mother and her child in Queenstown, Ireland, survived the sinking of the ill-fated liner.

grees Fahrenheit—and their hands were losing their grip on pieces of wreckage. Many of the ship's lifeboats were now full to capacity, and their traumatized occupants were terrified of taking on more people and capsizing. Yet many passengers and crew did their best to help one another. Charles Lauriat and James Brooks climbed onto a collapsible lifeboat. Taking out penknives, they "went at a kind of can-opening operation" to try and raise the boat's canvas sides and lash them in place. Because terrified, half-drowned people were hanging to the rail to which the canvas was attached, it was impossible to lift. Lauriat tried to persuade the people to let go and hold onto life ropes instead. But they were convinced he meant to "push them off." Lauriat later wrote that he had never heard "a more distressing cry of despair" than when he appealed to them to relinquish the rail for a few moments.

Finally, having succeeded in raising the canvas sides, Lauriat and others picked up more people, loading the boat "until it sunk flush with the water." When there were "about as many in our boat as we ought to take," Lauriat heard a woman say, "in just as natural a tone of voice as you would ask for another slice of bread and butter, 'Oh, won't you take me next? You know I can't swim.'" He peered into the debris around the boat to see "a woman's head, with a piece of wreckage under her chin and with her hair streaming out. She was so jammed in she couldn't even get her arms out, and with it all she had a half smile on her face and was placidly chewing gum." Lauriat told her "that if she'd keep cool," he'd come for her. She replied that "it was not at all necessary, just hand her an oar and she'd hang on." He managed to maneuver around to her and pull her in. They started to row for the shore, making for the lighthouse on the Old Head of Kinsale [more than ten miles away]. After about a quarter of a mile Lauriat was astonished to see a lone man floating around by himself. He yelled when he saw them. Although the boat, with some 32 crammed in, was full, Lauriat felt "you couldn't go off and leave that one more soul floating around." He picked up the man.

Many owed their lives to crew members. First Officer Arthur Jones managed to transfer some of the passengers from his heavily loaded lifeboat into another boat and ordered both back to pick up more survivors. Captain Turner was saved by a crewman. As the waters had risen around him on the ship's bridge, he had felt his way along the mast and jumped, managing to clear the radio wires and swim to the surface. He clung first to an oar, then a chair. But as the hours passed, he found himself "constantly fighting off attacks by seagulls." Weakening from cold and exposure, he "flung up a gold-braided arm" to attract attention. Jack Roper, a crewman, saw him and helped support him in the water until a rescue craft picked him up. Turner apparently remarked, "What bad luck. . . . What have I done to deserve this?"

Margaret Mackworth was dimly aware of people "praying aloud in a curious, unemotional monotone" and shouting for help "in the same slow, impersonal way, calling, 'Bo-at . . . bo-at . . . bo-at.'" She tried swimming but gave up after only a few strokes, reluctant to abandon the board she still held onto. Bellboy Robert Clark survived by clinging for four hours to bits of wreckage. At last the exhausted lad was

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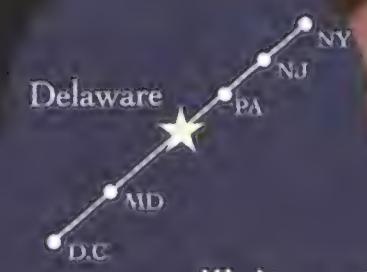

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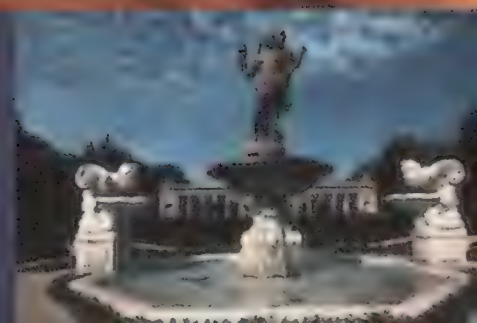

picked up by a boat but was almost instantly ordered out again to make space for women. Chilled and frightened, he was allowed to hang onto the side. Radio Officer Bob Leith, who had leaped into one lifeboat from another to escape the ship's falling stacks, gazed toward the land that seemed so ludicrously close. Where were the ships that should have been responding to his SOS call? He could see nothing.

U.S. Consul Wesley Frost was working quietly in his office above O'Reilly's bar in Queenstown, when his agitated vice consul, Lewis Thompson, came running up the stairs and told Frost that there was "a wildfire rumor about town that the *Lusitania* had been attacked." Moving quickly to the window, the two men saw "the harbor's 'mosquito fleet' of tugs, tenders and trawlers, some two dozen in all, begin to steam past the town toward the harbor-mouth." Frost immediately rang the Cunard office, which "admitted that it appeared probable that the vessel was sunk or sinking." Now thoroughly alarmed, Frost telephoned British naval headquarters. The lieutenant who answered told him somberly, "It's true. We fear she has gone." Throughout the town the cry "the Lusy's gone" went up.

War correspondent Ernest Cowper saved Helen Smith, then searched with her for her parents, unaware they had drowned.

THE FISHING BOAT PEEL 12 WAS AMONG the first to reach the scene. Her crew of seven had just landed a catch of 800 mackerel when they saw the *Lusitania* sinking about three miles southeast of them. They met the first lifeboats some 400 yards from where the ship had gone down. Elizabeth Duckworth, a 52-year-old widow from Taftville, Connecticut, was resolutely determined to save lives, and was rowing hard in one of the lifeboats. The fishermen helped the battered, exhausted survivors aboard. As she climbed in, Duckworth was surprised to spot another lifeboat "tossing about in the water" with only three aboard. A man stood up and shouted that he and his two companions were the only survivors out of an entire boatload. He begged for help to row back and rescue "some of the drowning." The captain of the fishing boat refused, saying he could not spare the men. Duckworth was appalled. Before anyone could stop her, the wiry widow leaped the gap between the *Peel* 12 and the lifeboat and seized an oar. She and her three male companions rescued "about forty of those struggling in the water" and brought them back to the *Peel* 12. The fishermen cheered as they helped her on board.

Meanwhile Lauriat and James Brooks, in a lifeboat laden with people, had struggled to propel the craft toward the *Peel* 12. Margaret Gwyer, still thoroughly coated in oil and soot, was one of the passengers. As the lifeboat approached the fishing boat, she was ecstatic to see the tall figure of her husband standing at the rail with "a perfectly blank expression on his face." At first he did not recognize her.

Lauriat landed his catch of 33 survivors on the *Peel* 12 with enormous relief. Although "it was slippery with fish scales and the usual dirt of fishermen, the deck of that boat under our feet felt as good as the front hall of our own homes," he would later write. The fishermen rushed to provide the shivering, stricken people with what help they could. They improvised bandages and pulled woolen blankets from their bunks. Lauriat gave his sweater to a near-naked young man and his jacket to a woman clad only in a nightgown. The crew brewed hot tea. When that ran out, they passed around mugs of hot water. Sips from the boat's one bottle of whiskey were rationed out to those most in need.

Lauriat rejoiced to see a 1-year-old baby pulled on board with his grateful mother and father. In all, the *Peel* 12 took on some 160 survivors. She was so crowded that Brooks was forced to dangle his legs over the side. Realizing that his own boat was now in some danger of sinking, the *Peel* 12's captain took two more boats in tow and set out for Queenstown.

Belle Naish, looking anxiously around in her lifeboat, felt overwhelmed to see the rescue force finally appear: "Smoke, then, in several places ahead on the horizon, finally the smokestacks, and then the bows of the vessels seemed suddenly to come to view. . . . The sea was so smooth we could see the spray on the bows and swells behind each boat coming to our rescue." Belle was taken on board the *Julia* [a British tug]. The sailors revived her with tea and gave her a hot brick. One man passed around a box of cakes his wife had made for him. Meanwhile, Belle was trying to comfort a despairing 7-year-old boy, Robert Kay, who not only had lost his mother but was feverishly in the throes of measles. Suddenly she saw an unconscious Theodate Pope pulled in from the sea with boat hooks and laid among the dead "like a sack of cement." Luckily for Theodate, Belle hesitantly touched her stiff body, then pleaded with the sailors to give her artificial respiration. They cut off her fashionable clothing with a carving knife brought up from the galley and went to work. To their amazement, she came around. Gazing confusedly around her, Theodate gradually realized she was lying on the floor wrapped in a blanket and staring into a small open-grate fire.

Captain Turner was taken aboard the fishing boat *Bluebell*. The trawler's skipper wrapped a blanket around him and took him down to the mess room,

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A memorial stands in Queenstown. In 1994 Alice Lines (left) still called Audrey Pearl, the infant she saved, "her baby."

where he sat by the stove "with his head in his arms." In a "low rather monotonous voice" a woman began to describe the loss of her baby. She berated Turner that her child's death had been unnecessary, blaming the "lack of organisation and discipline on board." A sailor whispered to Margaret Mackworth, also picked up by the *Bluebell* that the woman was hysterical; Margaret thought the reverse: the poor bereft mother appeared to her "to be the one person on board who was not."

The *Bluebell* reached Queenstown at about 11 P.M. Margaret Mackworth shuffled ashore in a khaki army greatcoat borrowed from a soldier over a blanket tucked around her waist and with the captain's carpet slippers on her feet. She was too weak to step up onto the gangway and crawled onto it on her hands and knees. Captain Turner disembarked last. One observer thought he looked "terribly broken down." He apparently remarked, "Well, it is the fortune of war."

Charles Lauriat finally reached Queenstown at 9:30 P.M. After seeing the injured taken care of, he bought himself some pajamas of the thickest wool he had ever put on, had a drink in the Imperial Hotel bar and found himself a bed. Another survivor, though not a drinking man, tossed down six whiskeys and sodas that a soldier held out to him on a tray as he disembarked. He was convinced the drinks saved his life. Theodate Pope was carried ashore from the *Julia* by two sailors who made a chair with their hands and lifted her up. She was taken by car to a hotel where she tried to stand but immediately crumpled in a heap. A stream of men kept coming into her room, "snapping on the lights, bringing children for us to identify, taking telegrams, getting our names for the list of survivors." Each time she scanned their faces, and each time she was disappointed. That night Pope, like some other survivors, found that her hair was beginning to fall out from the effects of shock.

OF 1,257 REGISTERED PASSENGERS, 785, including 128 Americans, died, as did 413 members of the 702-strong crew and three stowaways. Of 129 children on board, 94 lost their lives, including 35 of 39 infants.

Over the next few days a howl of outrage arose from the American and British press. "German Pirates Sink the *Lusitania*" proclaimed the *Daily Sketch*. "What Women and Children Endured When Murderers Sent the *Lusitania* to her Doom" was the headline in the *Daily Mirror*. The *New York Nation* called the sinking "A Deed for Which a Hun Would Blush, a Turk Be Ashamed, and a Barbary Pirate Apologize."

Within a day of the sinking the local Irish coroner opened an inquest. Within two days the coroner and his jury reached their verdict. It was "wilful and wholesale murder" by the submarine officers and "the Emperor and Government of Germany under whose orders they acted."

Anti-German rioting broke out in British cities. Businesses with German-sounding names were looted. In Liverpool, mobs of 2,000 to 3,000 roamed the streets. On May 13, Prime Minister Asquith announced the internment of all military-aged enemy aliens.

The French joined the British in declaring the sinking an act of barbarity. One paper proclaimed that the atrocity "arouses the whole world to a feeling of horror." The Dutch *Telegraaf* declared "Criminal is too mild a word to be applied to this outrage; it is devilish."

When the United States joined the war two years later, in April 1917, American doughboys advanced into battle with the cry, "Remember the Lusitania!" In 1937, with war again on the horizon, Winston Churchill wrote that he regarded "the sinking of the *Lusitania* as an event most important and favorable to the Allies. . . . The poor babies who perished in the ocean struck a blow at German power more deadly than could have been achieved by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand fighting men."

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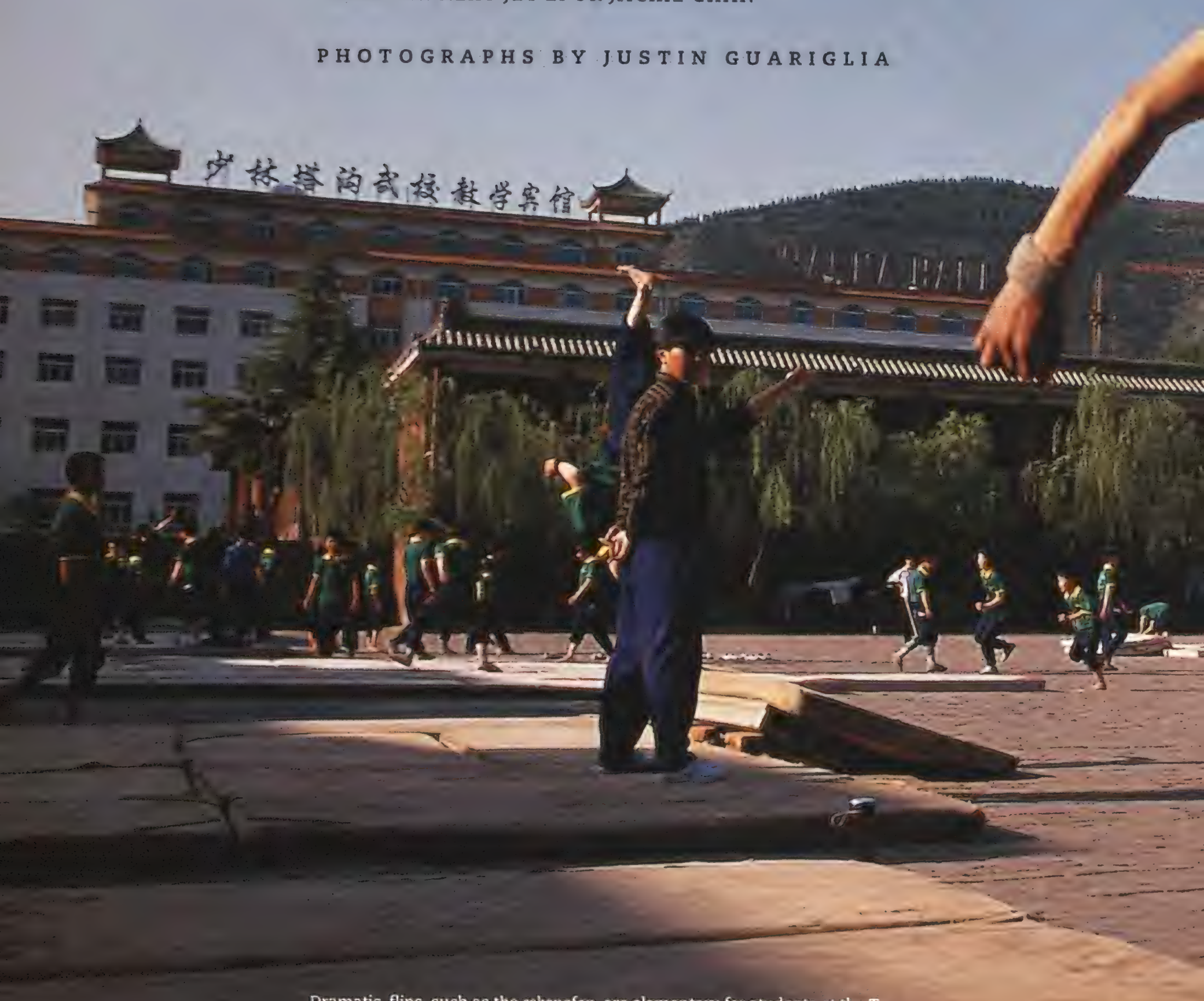
KUNG FU U.

AT SCHOOLS NEAR SHAOLIN, THE FAMOUS BUDDHIST TEMPLE, STUDENTS FROM ALL OVER CHINA VIE TO BE THE NEXT JET LI OR JACKIE CHAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN GUARIGLIA



Dramatic flips, such as the *cekongfan*, are elementary for students at the Ta Gou Academy, the largest martial arts school in China.

Every year, teams of students at Ta Gou Academy compete in the courtyard (above), exhibiting kung fu forms known as the Dragon, the Eagle and the Praying Mantis. Students divide their time between a demanding physical regimen (right) and classes in algebra, history and Chinese. Each day begins with a run by a giant statue of a Shaolin fighting monk, followed by long sessions of stretching. A missing person notice (far right) suggests that the rigors were too much for one 15-year-old boy.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, THIS ISN'T YOUR SUBURBAN TAE KWON DO class, jammed with Saturday morning soccer moms and grinning schoolkids in bright white uniforms. At any of the many martial arts schools near the Shaolin Temple outside Dengfeng, China, grim-faced 10-year-old boys nimbly execute spectacular flying feats, often without cushions to aid their landings. They have come to learn kung fu techniques practiced by the ancient Buddhist order of monks that have lived here, 500 miles south of Beijing, for 1,500 years. The boys rise early each day and undergo punishing training that leaves muscles bruised and joints sore. Yet even peasant parents pay a king's ransom of $20 a month so their children can become policemen, soldiers or even movie stars.

Hong Kong action films of the 1970s and '80s brought Shaolin monks international attention by highlighting the improbable intersection of a peace-loving Buddhist order with kung fu, the mental and spiritual discipline that also encompasses an elaborate set of martial arts moves. Rampant banditry and feuding warlords in the Henan Province probably prompted the monks to embrace and develop kung fu many centuries ago, but the history remains murky. The fighting monks became renowned for feats of physical prowess: they break iron blades over their heads, sleep while standing on one leg, and perform two-fingered handstands.

By the early 1980s, a series of martial arts schools had popped up outside the temple's gates, as had a small village of shops selling Bruce Lee videos that catered to an ever-growing number of tourists. Last summer, Shaolin's abbot ordered most of these shops and schools bulldozed in hopes of making the temple a World Heritage Site. Today, touring Shaolin monks perform at Italy's Spoleto Festival and at a number of American venues.

While spiritualism may have taken a backseat of late, the exploits of monks with iron fists and peaceful demeanors live on in the hearts of boys who practice kung fu both day and night and dream of Jackie Chan. *—John F. Ross*

MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO,

LEAFCUTTER ANTS

LEARNED TO GROW FUNGI.

BUT HOW? AND WHY?

AND WHAT DO THEY

HAVE TO TEACH US?

BY DOUGLAS FOSTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN ZIEGLER

BENEATH THE RAIN FOREST CANOPY, A LOW ROAR FROM insects builds to periodic crescendos as auburn- and tangerine-colored leaves bigger than dinner plates drift down from branches above. Scarlet macaws and yellow-ridged toucans issue raspy calls. Capuchin monkeys drop detritus from the trees onto four biologists who are inching their way along a stretch of Amazon rain forest, just a few hours' drive north of Manaus, Brazil. Inside this vast tract of jungle, which runs unbroken for hundreds of miles to the Venezuelan border, they're hunting for clues to explain an extraordinary evolutionary event.

Somewhere near this spot 50 million years ago, after the dinosaurs disappeared, certain ant species began cultivating and eating fungus. Of all animals on earth, only these particular ants, several kinds of beetles and termites—and, of course, human beings—grow their own food. Somehow, this new tribe of ants, the attines, went—in anthropomorphic terms—from being hunter-gatherers to farmers. How and why they did so remains a tantalizing mystery.

Ted Schultz, a research entomologist from the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History, kneels with the intensity of a supplicant at the entrance to an ant nest. He has a mop of tar-black hair and eyes that resemble large charcoal orbs behind thick lenses. The object of his interest is a nest of leafcutters, the showiest of the attine ants.

Twenty feet up a nearby trumpet tree, the ants set upon freshly sprouted leaves, mandibles open, carving out elegant half-moons. They load these cuttings, which weigh up to ten times more than they do, over their backs and head for home, streaming back down the tree in an undulating line not unlike a band of tipsy piano movers. From a little distance, the ants, wearing stylish neon-green hats, look to be dancing.

Other streams of leafcutters flow from the shadows across brittle, dying leaves, into a clearing of vermilion sandy soil around craters in the dirt. They amble past larger ants with oversize mandibles standing vigil near the nest entrance, vanishing into long, curving subterranean channels, which open up to thousands of chambers spreading down and out through rock-solid dirt.

Millions of ants in an area the size of a small bedroom fill the nests. Once inside the chambers, the leafcutters drop

Leafcutter ants (such as this worker) bite half-moons from leaves in the forest, then drag the fingernail-size cuttings into their nests, where they're used as fertilizer for their fungi gardens.

their burdens. Tiny gardening ants take over. They clean, trim and crimp edges of the leaves, smear their own secretions on them and rough up the surfaces. On these chunks of leaf, which they line up in neat rows, the ants then place bits of homegrown fungus.

Schultz and his close collaborator, Ulrich Mueller, a behavioral ecologist from the University of Texas at Austin, believe that the leafcutters' ability to grow and harvest fungi is akin to human agriculture. They even suggest that humans have something to learn from the ants, pointing to the recent discovery that attines use antibiotics to keep diseases in check inside their fungus gardens. "Have you ever tried to keep anything in the tropics free of pests for more than a few seconds?" Schultz says. "This is an *amazing* achievement." Perhaps, he suggests, a careful study of the ants will yield ways for humans to fight disease or to farm more sustainably. "These ants have a positive feedback system—50 million years of sustainable agriculture," Schultz says.

This remarkable record seems particularly poignant here in the rain forest. During the drive north on the new, 1,000-mile highway running from Manaus to Caracas, the fish-bone pattern of development that despoils large swaths of the Amazon is evident, with new dirt logging roads fanning off in every direction. By contrast, "the leafcutters aren't skewing things," Schultz notes. "You could imagine lots of scenarios where the ant nests in these forests just get bigger and bigger, where they would carry this agriculture to the point where they would tip the whole system. But they don't."

Schultz and Mueller have returned to the Amazon to try to figure out how the first ant—the mother of all gardener ants—began growing her colony's food. What did she look like? How did she behave? And how on earth did she manage such a momentous transformation?

Some experts, such as Ted Schultz (inset), believe that the ants' fungi gardens (above) are a form of agriculture. Others disagree.

HUMANS HAVE BEEN INTRIGUED BY LEAFCUTTER ANTS FOR centuries. The *Popol Vuh*, the ancient Mayan chronicle, celebrated their intelligence and communication skills. Charles Darwin, on first visiting Brazil's tropical forest, was struck by their ubiquity and industriousness. "Well-beaten paths branch off in every direction, on which an army of never-failing foragers may be seen," he wrote in 1839.

A few decades later, the great English naturalist Henry Walter Bates, noting the leafcutters' industry and grace in his 1863 masterwork, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, also recorded a more baleful view—that of local farmers who considered the ants a "terrible pest." But Bates, like other observers, thought the leafcutters used their cuttings as protection from rain. (They are also called parasol ants.) It took an engineer and self-taught ecologist, Thomas Belt, to finally figure out how the leaves were actually used. On a mining operation in Nicaragua, Belt excavated two leafcutter nests. To his surprise, he could find few signs of cut leaves. Upon close examination of the spongy brown material filling the chambers, however, Belt noticed "minutely subdivided pieces of leaves, withered to a brown color, and overgrown and lightly connected together by a minute white fungus. . . ." The leafcutters, Belt wrote in 1874, "are, in reality, mushroom growers and eaters."

Not long after, William Morton Wheeler, the dean of ant research at Harvard, wrote an entire book on the fungus growers. And Edward O. Wilson, who would later suc-

PORTRAIT: JAMES DI LORETO, SI

"We can show that crop failure is a major issue," says Mueller. "They do what humans do."

ceed Wheeler as the preeminent ant scholar at Harvard, dubbed leafcutters "among the most advanced of all the social insects."

But researchers trying to better understand Belt's breakthrough observations faced major obstacles, particularly when it came to identifying the kind of fungi the ants were growing. Scientists typically identify a fungus through its sporophore, the part of the plant that produces spores. In ant gardens, however, the sporophores are rarely in evidence for reasons that remain unclear. "It's as if the ants have castrated the fungus," Schultz explains. (In essence, the ants propagate the fungi by taking cuttings.) Lacking a method for identifying fungus types, scientists were missing half the story.

THIS IS WHERE THINGS STOOD WHEN MUELLER AND Schultz first crossed paths at Cornell University in the late 1980s. There, they teamed up with fungus specialists Ignacio Chapela, now at the University of California at Berkeley, and Stephen Rehner of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Beltsville, Maryland. Chapela pulled individual strains of fungi from the ant gardens and kept them alive. Using molecular genetics techniques, Rehner then described the differences between the various strains. Schultz matched those results with his DNA analysis of the associated ants. In 1994, the foursome published a study in *Science* magazine documenting the interaction between fungi and the ants. "It is now clear," they wrote, "that the origin of the fungus-growing behavior was an extremely rare event, having occurred only once in the evolutionary history of the ants." The most sophisticated attines, the researchers surmised, had propagated one fungus lineage for at least 23 million years.

In a follow-up report four years later, Mueller, Rehner and Schultz modified the accepted wisdom, arguing that attine fungi often represented a variety of species—not just one passed along by founding queens from nest to nest. More "primitive" attines, the scientists wrote, sometimes share their fungus with one another, even with distantly related ant species—a version, the biologists suggested, of crop rotation. "We can show that crop failure is a major issue in their lives," Mueller explains. "They do the same thing that humans have done, going to the neighbors to find a replacement, sometimes stealing it, sometimes overrunning and killing the neighbors, too. We've shown this in the lab. The next logical thing is to look for it in the wild."

The scientists' penchant for likening ant fungiculture to human agriculture has drawn critics. Naomi Pierce, a Harvard specialist in ant/plant interactions, praises their fieldwork, but thinks that turning ants into farmers may be carrying things too far. "The trouble is that you can get trapped by the metaphor," she says. Ants, of course, did not consciously develop agriculture. Projecting human intention onto ants, says Ignacio Chapela, may blind researchers to the reasons why ants do what they do.

While Mueller and Schultz worked on the ants' relationship to fungi, a team of biologists at the University of Toronto were noting—and wondering about—the presence of a persistent and ravaging mold, called *Escovopsis*, in attine gardens. How was it, they asked, that this potent parasite didn't regularly overrun the attine nests? Taking note of a white powder on the undersides of the attine ants,

Researchers found that antibiotic-producing bacteria (the white dust above) helps the ants fight undesirable mold in their gardens.

they ultimately identified it as a type of bacteria, *Streptomyces*, that secretes antibiotics. The antibiotics were keeping the *Escovopsis* at bay. More important, they were doing so over long periods of time, without the *Escovopsis* becoming totally resistant.

There may be a kind of "staged arms race," says Cameron Currie, one of the Toronto researchers (now at the University of Kansas), in which the attine antibiotics continually adapt to any resistance built up in the *Escovopsis*. The parasite isn't wiped out entirely, but neither does it swamp the nest. Currie is now trying to determine how long this chemical cross fire has been taking place.

A textbook case of symbiosis between the ants and fungi suddenly was shown to have four major players—or five, if you count the antibiotics produced by the bacteria. When these antibiotics don't do the trick, the ants chop out infected chunks of fungus and drag them far from the nest.

When scouts discover a suitable plant near their nest, they leave a pheromone, or chemical, trail, to efficiently guide legions of worker ants to it. The workers soon stream back to the nest in six-inch-wide columns bearing loads up to ten times their own weight.

IN THE RAIN FOREST, DAWN HAS YET TO BREAK; NOCTURnal *Blepharidatta* ants, close relatives of the attines, are still at work, hauling minuscule grains of cereal, which Mueller spread around the night before. The bait has let Mueller track the *Blepharidatta* to their nest. Because *Blepharidatta,* which do not grow fungus, have been observed carrying around bits of free-living fungus, Mueller suspects they may be on the verge of cultivation themselves. Mueller is particularly intrigued by experiments in which *Blepharidatta* move clumps of fungus closer to their nests. "We're looking for something very deep in the evolutionary past," Mueller says. "Some ant in these forests started to associate with the fungus. And that transition is the same transition that human beings made."

Mueller switches on a headlamp. "We're trying to track things back, but we won't find the 'ancestor' out here, of course," he explains. "What we're looking for is a species that has retained some of the traits that characterized the ancestor." It's not unlike how linguists visit isolated peoples to study how patterns of speech have changed, he

says. "That's something like what we're doing here, looking at how the most primitive behavior might have yielded more elaborate behavior." Evolution, in other words, plays out less neatly than the clear lines that you might remember from junior high school and more like a film in which sequences can repeat, remain unchanged or even run backward in a kind of counternarrative.

Mueller's pants are streaked with sweat and mud, flaming welts dot his neck and arms, and mosquitoes buzz near his ears. "We're a bit abnormal in our obsessions," he admits. "We're really on the extreme. Who else would sweat in the forest in order to find these stupid ants!"

As a child, Mueller says, he "wasn't much interested in bugs." Perhaps this was because his father, a botanist for the Bayer chemical company, was stricken by a mysterious tropical disease contracted on an expedition in El Salvador when Ulrich was just 4 years old. Mueller was 9 when his father died of the disease. After dropping out of medical school, he read Edward O. Wilson's controversial book *Sociobiology* (an effort to link the behavior of all animals, from ants to humans, in one grand synthesis). Immediately he knew what he wanted to do with his life, to take "an evolutionary approach to understanding animal behavior, social behavior, and then human behavior."

Schultz, too, came to ants through a circuitous route influenced by Wilson. Raised in a small, blue-collar town south of Chicago, the son of parents who did not go to college, Schultz went to a strict Lutheran school. There, one of his teachers tried to convince him that "dinosaur bones were just buried in the ground by God to test our faith."

After dropping out of the University of Chicago and drifting west to San Francisco in the early 1970s, Schultz held a series of jobs—dental technician, water bed upholsterer, and printer—before trying his hand as a writer of critical essays about paranormal phenomena ("Blobs From Space" and "Stranger than Science"). On his way to work one morning, Schultz, then in his 30s, began reading Wilson's *The Insect Societies*. Ants attracted him because they combined "aesthetic appeal" with tangibility. "I was chasing a lot of things that filled me with wonder," Schultz recalls. "But I needed a criterion for figuring out not just those things that appear to be filled with wonder, but those things that appear to be filled with wonder and are *real*."

ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF ANTS FROM DOZENS OF SPECIES are on the move through thick leaf litter, Schultz is fixated on a particular, solitary ant, which has clipped a piece of wild mushroom and is hauling the booty across a log, wobbling under its load. "Hey, you have to see this!" Schultz shouts to Mueller. It's a *Trachymyrmex*, among the more derived, or "higher," attines.

Schultz is excited. And surprised. Though he has read about attines carrying wild fungi into their nests, he's never seen one actually do it. And why would they? The introduction of an incompatible fungus might well disrupt, or even destroy, the entire ant garden. What's going on here?

"This is a puzzle," Schultz says. "I would expect the ants to be very choosy about what they bring into the nest, to have some kind of sensory bias that accepts the 'good' fungi and rejects all the 'bad' ones." Mueller notes that many plants use ants to disperse seeds, though whether the

A queen (like the *Atta* above) lays out a new garden using pieces of fungi taken from her parents' nest and carried in her mouth.

Fungi gardens will feed some 150 million leafcutter ants (like the soon-to-emerge worker above) in the nest's dozen-year lifetime.

ants exercise choice about what they pick up, or only respond to the seduction of plant secretions, remains unclear.

Schultz is looking positively giddy, even though the ant and its fungus could turn upside down many of the things he and his colleagues have written, not to mention challenge most of their assumptions. "Maybe it's not that the ant found the fungus," Mueller suggests with a wry smile. "Maybe it's that the fungus found the ant."

Both Schultz and Mueller credit their fungi-obsessed colaborators for leading them to the idea that the fungi are profiting as much from the relationship with the ants as the ants are from the fungi. Carried by the ants, protected by them and tended in gigantic gardens, the fungal clones enjoy reproductive capacities far beyond what they could achieve untended. After all, free-living fungi often exist on just a tiny swatch of leaf litter, reproducing only once or twice before dying out. Inside the nests, the fungus becomes, in Stephen Rehner's view, "immortal in comparison to any of their wild relatives."

Possibly the fungi developed tricks to fool the ants into moving and harvesting them. Secretions on the surface of the fungi could function like mind-altering drugs, bending the ants to the fungi's service. "I think the other fungi are constantly trying to break the chemical codes that help ants recognize their garden fungi, saying: 'Hey, I taste and smell right! You can't resist me. Pick me up and take me home,'" Schultz speculates. "Do not underestimate the power of the fungus," Mueller intones.

INDEED, THE VERY NEXT AFTERNOON, SCHULTZ RETURNS from an outing with impressive evidence of that power. He had come upon a gigantic black ant known locally as a bala—fierce, with a potent sting—clamped around the top of a shrub's branch. It was rigid and dead. From the back of the ant's head, a brown sporophore gruesomely protruded, as if in an insect version of the movie *Alien*. The fungus had infected the ant's body, growing inside and consuming it. Then, through some kind of yet-to-be-discovered catalyst, the fungus had apparently urged the ant to climb to the top of a branch, where its spores could be spread to maximum advantage. There, a sporophore sprouted through the ant's head and released its spores.

Back up the trail and in the forest, Schultz ambles, his shirt and pants pockets crammed with vials filled with alcohol. He stops beside a log, kicking off its bark. Out tumble half a dozen *Acromyrmex*, leafcutters that often build their nests in logs. Below the alarmed insects a riot of brown and tan fungus blooms. "You'd be amazed at how many fungus gardens are out in the forest," Schultz says. "They're everywhere."

Across the hillock, kneeling in the dirt, he spies a tiny dust-colored creature with a wobbling, oversize head. It's a *Cyphomyrmex*, among the least studied of the attines. Schultz leans over this creature, no larger than a comma, and observes it carefully.

Fieldwork in the Amazon is far messier than genetic analysis of ant corpses in the comfort of Schultz's air-conditioned lab back in Washington, D.C. But this is the only way "to experience real, unfiltered biology," he says. "It's that complexity that is almost guaranteed to reward you with something you didn't expect." Perhaps the *Cyphomyrmex* will give up one small piece of the puzzle that Schultz and Mueller have dedicated their careers to putting together. In tackling some of the biggest questions in the cosmos, Schultz says as he studies the ant's meandering gait, it's best to "think small. That's what's great about being out here. Thinking small opens up all kinds of possibilities."

Douglas Foster is a visiting professor at the Graduate School of Journalism of the University of California at Berkeley. Christian Ziegler's book on tropical forest ecology, A Magic Web, *comes out this fall.*

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A Rally to Rem

Many fans (perhaps including these in Gambettola, inset) recall the Mille Miglia's glory days as an actual race. Others are seeing cars such as this 1931 Alfa Romeo 6C 1750 GTS (in Viterbo, near Rome) for the first time. Alfas took eight of the top ten places in 1930.

ember

EVEN AT LOLLYGAGGING SPEEDS, ITALY'S MILLE MIGLIA ROAD SHOW STIRS NOSTALGIC HEARTS

BY BRUCE WATSON

LIKE MANY WOMEN IN ITALY, 72-YEAR-old Maria Naldi watches the world from a window framed by dark green shutters. Through it, she looks out on a quiet piazza fronted by a 15th-century church. Beyond the church, the golden fields of Tuscany are sectioned by cypresses and crested by hilltop villages. Though the town, called Radicofani, boasts a thousand-year-old castle, it has no priceless Michelangelos or Raphaels. Yet one morning each year, Signora Naldi gazes upon masterpieces. Beginning at 10 A.M., four-wheeled works of art cruise in single file past a boisterous

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI

Bugattis (like this 1925 T 35 waiting to start in Brescia) dominated European racing in the late 1920s. This one carries the colors of France, where designer Ettore Bugatti lived.

crowd gathered outside the Church of San Pietro. The artists' names are well known here and to car buffs everywhere: Lancia. Mercedes-Benz. Porsche. Ferrari. In colors as loud as their engines, more than 300 classic automobiles roll by. Yet unlike the crowd waving small flags on the church steps, Signora Naldi doesn't seem excited. The cars are all *molto belle*, she says, but it's not like the old days. Back when she was a girl, they came through Radicofani as they do today. Back then, she remembers, they weren't going only ten miles per hour.

In Italian, *mille miglia* means one thousand miles. Yet in Italy itself, the words mean much more. From the heyday of Mussolini to the dawn of la dolce vita, the annual Mille Miglia was Italy's World Series, Super Bowl and heavyweight championship bout all rolled into one. Often touted as the greatest car race in the world, it sent foolhardy drivers dashing along winding, punishing roads. In their goggles and leather helmets, some of the world's best *piloti* thundered through little towns at lunatic speeds. Cars careered around turns at 80 mph and roared through human tunnels of cheering fans. Drivers became legends, inspiring even more reckless heroics in the next Mille.

A tragic accident ended the race in 1957. For the next 20 years, as drivers in new cars won other races and got the plaudits, the older automobiles of the classical age sat in museums and garages, appreciated mostly by collectors. But then the Mille Miglia came to life again in 1977, not as a reckless suitor for the crowds' adulation but as an aged, elegant lover still able to turn heads in the piazza. Now, each year, when spring brings scarlet poppies to the fields of central Italy, the Mille Miglia brings smiles along 1,000 miles of road. Sleek silver Mercedes slip under medieval arches. BMWs zing past Roman ruins. Sporty red Lancias snake through tiny towns with elegant names—Buonconvento, Sansepolcro, and Radicofani. And all along the course, up to a million people cheer the drivers, ogle the cars and remember.

Running on nostalgia rather than bravado, the Mille Miglia remains the greatest antique car rally in the world, even if the average speed is only 30 mph. And at exactly that speed, with occasional sprints to catch up, photographer Enrico Ferorelli, who was born in Italy, and I set out last May to chase the 2001 Mille Miglia. In a new station wagon, we doggedly followed the pack of priceless cars, sampling 1,000 miles of Italy in 48 hours. Florence, Siena, Cortona, Arezzo—town after town appeared in our windshield, whipped by our side windows and vanished in our rearview mirror. The Italians have a phrase for such a tour—*fare un giro*, "to take a spin." And our 1,000-mile spin showed us this timeless country as it often sees itself—stylish, finely crafted and racing ahead without a care.

On a Thursday morning, two days before the Mille Miglia passed Maria Naldi's window, crowds begin assembling in the Piazza Vittoria in Brescia, an industrial city in northern Italy. It was here in 1927 that four members of the local automobile club started a race to draw attention to their town. Since the 1890s, wild cross-country car rallies had been popular throughout Europe. Paris to Bordeaux. Paris to Berlin. Paris to Madrid. Several countries had banned such "races of death," but that did not deter Italians. Here, the love of fast cars is matched only by what historian Jacob Burkhardt called Italy's "national pastime for external display." And on a sunny May morning, crowds line the Piazza Vittoria for a display called "the scrutineering." One by one, 371 cars, some of the finest ever made, pull into the piazza to be scrutinized, registered and admired.

In the piazza, cars with running boards and spoked wheels sit behind cars that look like bullets. And big, beefy cars with top speeds of 83 mph stand beside low-slung rockets that cruise at 150 mph. Each Mille Miglia has a few famous people—our year the lineup included Formula One race car drivers, tennis star Boris Becker, and Miss Malaysia—but the cars themselves are the real stars. Cars like these do not have price tags; they have charisma. Yet even in a lineup of celebrities, some

British racing legend Stirling Moss set the all-time Mille Miglia average speed record of 97.9 miles per hour in 1955 in this Mercedes-Benz 300 SLR (parading through Florence).

stand out. And so, even as a 1955 Porsche Spyder, the kind of car James Dean died in, rolls past the check-in, the local paparazzi focus on a Mercedes 300 SLR whose hood is stamped 722.

This was the very car British driver Stirling Moss took for a spin in the 1955 Mille Miglia. With his codriver consulting a long list of the race's every turn, Moss saw all of central Italy between dawn and dusk. Out of the corner of his eye, Moss followed his codriver's hand signals, enabling him to take tight corners in a blinding blur. Sometimes outpacing small aircraft above him, Moss hit 177 mph on some straightaways. Once, when his copilot failed to warn him of a bump, his car took off and flew for 200 feet before making a perfect four-point landing. Moss drove the 1,000 miles of impossibly twisted roads in just over ten hours, averaging about 98 mph, easily the fastest Mille ever.

Now, as number 722 pulls into the Piazza Vittoria, crowds gather round it, snapping photographs, peering into the cockpit, treating it with the awe earlier worshipers granted to holy relics. Moss' Mercedes is followed by another four-wheeled celebrity. And another. And then, that evening, the cars line up again, this time at the starting line. In a pouring rain that drenches drivers in open cabs, the gorgeous old vehicles roll one by one down a ramp and set off for two days of punishment. It's as if a lineup of supermodels strode down the runway of a Paris fashion show, then each put on sneakers and set out to run a marathon.

"The Mille Miglia created our automobiles and modern motoring," observed the late Enzo Ferrari, whose cars won seven of the past ten races. "It enabled us to produce the sports cars that we now see all over the world. And when I say 'we,' I'm not just referring to Ferrari." The old race was the ultimate test of driver and machine. Nearly a dozen drivers died, and the toll on

In 1957, the Marquis de Portago was killed with his codriver and ten spectators when his Ferrari hurtled into a crowd at 180 mph. Officials then called off all future races.

Alfonso Cabeza, the 17th Marquis de Portago, was 28 at the time of his death.

Stirling Moss, the first British winner, credited careful planning for his 1955 win.

cars was even worse. Cranked to the edge of engineering performance, some simply fell apart. Gearshifts snapped off in drivers' hands. Axles broke. Brakes overheated. Transmissions failed, forcing drivers to finish the race in fourth gear. And those were just the cars that stayed on the road. In the wake of many a Mille, the lovely Italian countryside was littered with crumpled cars and shredded tires. But with every mile and every accident, the race's fame grew, as did the names of a few drivers.

Every modern Mille entrant knows he or she is driving the same roads taken by Stirling Moss and by the race's other legend, Tazio Nuvolari, the "Flying Mantuan." In more than a dozen Milles, Nuvolari won only twice, but his heroics made him Italy's answer to Babe Ruth. Handsome and absolutely fearless, he drove "like a bomb," Italians said. Fans still debate whether he won the 1930 Mille by passing the leader in the dead of night with his lights off. And they still talk about the year he tossed his broken seat out of the car and drove on, perched on a sack of lemons he'd brought for nourishment. The car's hood had flown off into the crowd. One fender was crumpled by a collision. His codriver pleaded with him to stop, to remove a dangerously hanging fender, but Nuvolari just shouted "Hold on!" He then aimed his car at a bridge and veered at the last second, neatly winging off the fender and speeding on. That was the old Mille. The new one is altogether more sane, if considerably less spicy.

On Thursday night, after driving through the downpour to the medieval town of Ferrara, soggy drivers grab a few hours of sleep. At 6 A.M., they are up and milling about their cars, ready to continue. Skies have cleared, and the cars glint in the Adriatic coast sunshine as they start a long day's journey to reach Rome's Colosseum by midnight. At the Mille's height in the 1950s, news bulletins of the race-in-progress trav-

PICTURNET, ROME; HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (2)

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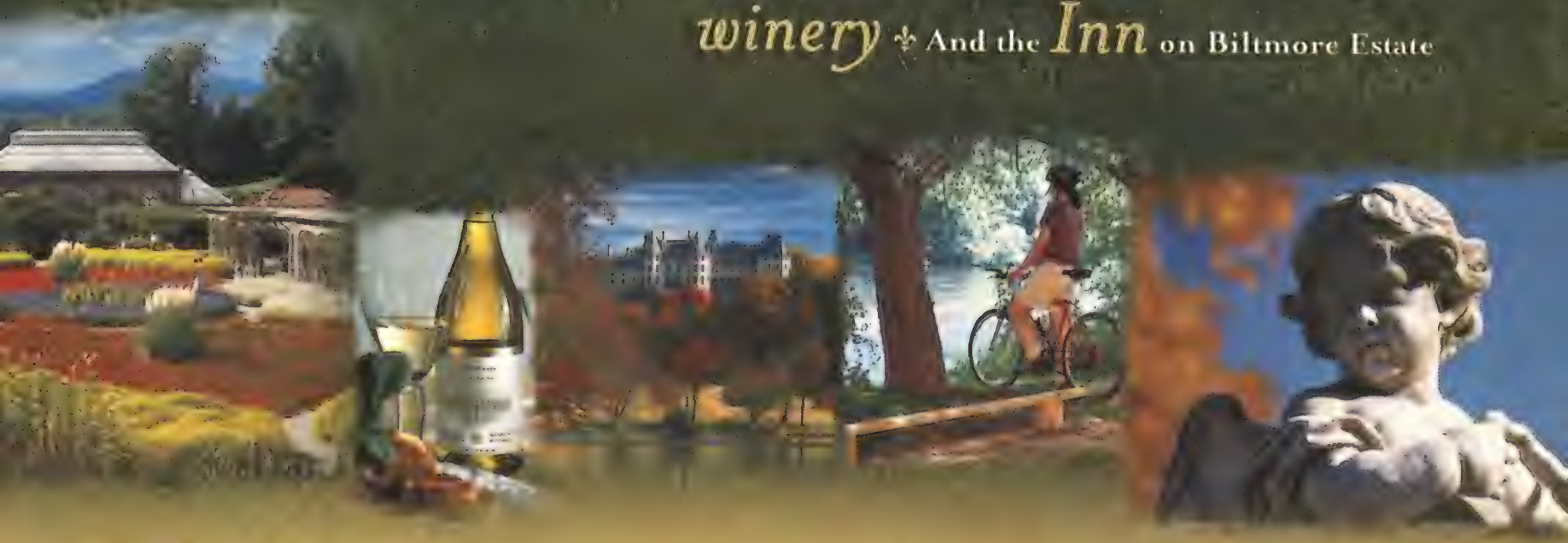

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eled by phone from Brescia to Rome and back: "Ascari is leading!" "Fangio is out of the race!" Parents woke their children before dawn to take them to the nearest town where the cars would pass. The route was lined with several million people—the men dressed in suits, the women in Sunday dresses—all shouting "*Avanti! Avanti!*"—"On! On!" Even today, in each town, drivers are greeted like conquering generals. Grandfathers sit grandsons on creaky knees and point out cars they saw when *they* were sitting on knees. Following close behind, Enrico and I are greeted by faces filled with bewilderment. What's this station wagon doing among these supermodels? Yet we drive on. On past a castle in San Marino, a postage-stamp-size country completely surrounded by Italy. On through the tunnels of buttonwood trees lining the open road. On into a town with streets so narrow I can reach from the car to pluck a geranium from a window box while inhaling the aroma of cappuccino from an adjacent café. It would sure be nice to stop for a minute. But we have promises to keep, and miglia to go before we sleep.

Though not a race, the modern Mille does have a winner. At 34 points along the route, drivers undergo precise time trials. They must drive 7.7 kilometers in 10 minutes and 16 seconds, 4.15 kilometers in 6 minutes and 6 seconds, or some other exacting measure. During such trials, cars inch along, the copilot counting down the seconds till they reach the end: "*Tre, due, uno.*" Then they're off with a roar. At race's end, organizers will tally each driver's points, with deductions for driving too fast or slow. But first, it's on to the next crowded piazza. Each town seems slightly different. Some pay little attention to the passing parade. Others come out in force, with an announcer blaring the details and history of each passing car while local beauty queens hand drivers flowers. In Arezzo, where the Oscar-winning film *Life is Beautiful* was shot, tourists in the spectacular Piazza Grande toast the drivers. For an afternoon at least, life seems beautiful indeed, at considerable remove from the old race and its sad, abrupt end.

Not one of six entered Ferraris (like this 225 S near San Quirico D'Orcia) managed to finish the 1952 race. But Ferraris ruled the Mille Miglia for many years after World War II.

THE WINNER OF THE 1927 MILLE AVERaged a mere 48 mph. But in each succeeding race, cars went faster. Although organizers tightened safety rules—crash helmets and some minor crowd control were introduced—by the 1950s the Mille Miglia was a tragedy just waiting to happen. In 1957, the race began with the usual mishaps. One car slammed into a house; no one was hurt. Another spun into a billboard. Spectators removed the debris and the driver went on. By the homestretch, more than one-third of

the cars lay broken down along the course or had abandoned the race. The Italian Piero Taruffi led the pack, but coming up fast behind him was Spain's dashing playboy, the Marquis de Portago, driving a 4.1-liter Ferrari. At a checkpoint in Bologna, the Marquis arrived with a damaged wheel but refused to waste time by changing it. Screaming ahead to catch Taruffi, he had hit 180 mph going through the small town of Guidizzolo when the damaged wheel disintegrated. The car somersaulted into the crowd, killing driver, codriver and ten spectators. The Italian government, which had long worried about such an accident, said *basta*. Enough. Surprisingly, there were few protests. "It was such a tragedy," former driver Ettore Faquetti told me. "Everyone knew it was time. The cars were too fast. It had to end."

In 1977, on the 50th anniversary of the first race, the Historic Mille Miglia rally debuted. Observing the speed limit—for the most part—the old cars strutted their stuff. Five years later, they did it again. In 1987, the event became an annual rally, and soon the race's trademark red arrow could be found on ties, mugs, shirts, caps and other souvenirs. These days, owners of Sony's PlayStation 2 can race the Mille Miglia as a video game. And if you own a pretty good car—valued, say, in the low six figures—you can drive in one of the rally's many imitators in California, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado or New England. But the original has a distinct advantage. It has Italy. And through Italy the drivers roll, past the hilltop town of Perugia, then through charming Assisi and on toward the eternal city to which all roads lead.

Having plenty of its own museums, Rome is too sophisticated to pay much attention to a rolling car museum. Along the Via Veneto, a few heads turn and a few tourists call out. But the drivers who left Brescia to cheering crowds the night before, roll past the Roman Forum and the Colosseum largely unnoticed. At the Parco Chiuso, the halfway point, they come to a stop. Some retire for another short sleep. Others stay up to talk and swagger. Then, at 6:30 A.M., the rally is off again.

In charming Viterbo, I scan my guidebook. "Viterbo's Piazza San Lorenzo has a 13th-century house built on Etruscan. . . . " I read aloud, but by the time I finish, Viterbo is behind us. After a stop for gas—a full tank costs about $41—we're winding uphill toward Radicofani where Maria Naldi is waiting. Watching the antique cars pass in all their glory, it's easy to see why some drivers characterize their hobby as an insidious disease.

"When I got the car hobby sickness, I heard about this race real early," says

Alessandro Zampedri, driving a 1935 Aston Martin MK II, shares the 2001 finish with his 2-year-old daughter, Francesca. Copilot Burkhardt Nachtigall handled navigation.

Bruce Male of Swampscott, Massachusetts, who ran the Mille in his 1954 Maserati. "I decided I had to do it." Sylvia Oberti is driving her tenth straight Mille. In 1992, the San Francisco Bay Area native, who now lives in Italy, became the first woman to finish the 1,000 miles alone (or almost alone; she drives with her white teddy bear, Angelino). Why do they send irreplaceable cars down open roads dodging passing trucks and darting Vespa scooters? Each driver has the same answer: even a classic car was meant to be driven. "This is what you dream about," says Richard Sirota of Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, competing in his first Mille, in a 1956 Ferrari 250 GT. "If you were into cars as a kid, everything you heard about was the Mille Miglia."

On past Radicofani and through the rolling fields of Tuscany. Uphill through Siena's spectacular Piazza del Campo, bigger than a football field, and back to the poppy fields again. Like tourists at a full-course Italian dinner, Enrico and I can't take much more. Our eyes have feasted on one course after another. The hill towns of the Appenines as the antipasto. Arezzo and Perugia as the *primo piatto*, the first plate. Rome as the *secondo*. Then the tossed salad of Tuscany. We're stuffed and we're just coming to dessert: Florence. Here crowds of tourists line the Piazza della Signoria as the cars roll beneath the lofty Palazzo Vecchio before passing the soaring red-tiled Duomo. Finally, the road leads to the race's most dangerous stretch, the Futa Pass.

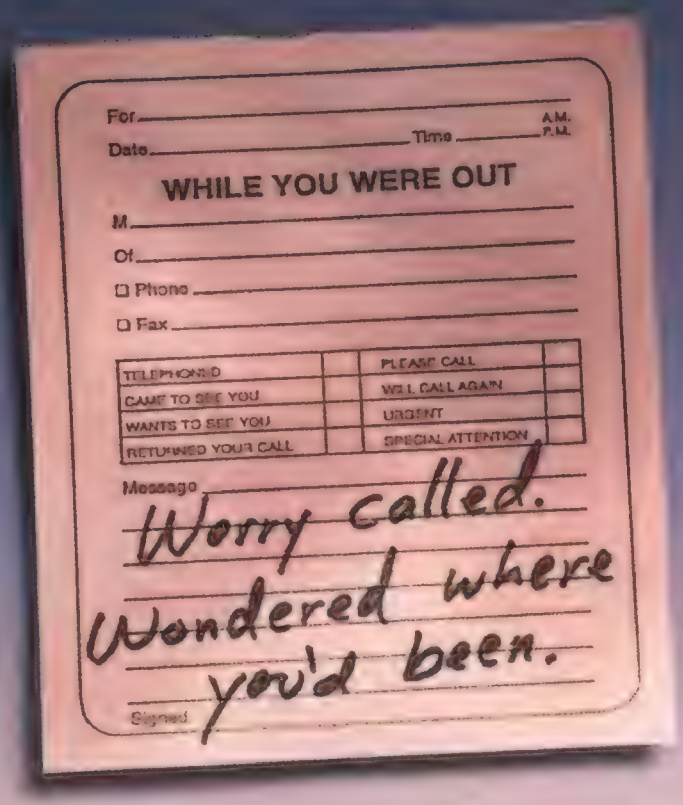
When the Mille Miglia began, this road was the only way to drive from Florence to Bologna. These days, most cars take the *autostrada*, but all along the two-lane blacktop overlooking the valley 2,000 feet below, families have come out to picnic and watch the nostalgic parade. Around one especially crowded 180-degree turn, I remember the words of Stirling Moss. "If you saw an enormous crowd, you knew it was a really bad corner," Moss recalled in 1995. "If they were encouraging you to go faster, you knew it was even worse." Climbing the pass, the road snakes like a blue highway in the Rockies. In the little town of Loiano, it cuts between a concrete wall and a row of bars filled with spectators. Back when he was a boy, spectator Vittorio Alberini tells me, the cars hit 100 mph through Loiano, zipping beneath spectators perched in trees.

Traversing the back side of the Futa Pass, we roll to a stop beneath the leaning brick towers of Bologna. There we discover, after waiting 20 minutes to see others come through, that there are no more cars. We're bringing up the rear. Enrico and I decide to take the autostrada. As if to outpace Moss himself, we race along the flat plain of Lombardy and reach the finish line before everyone else. We've won! OK, so we cheated, but our station wagon is here in Brescia before any of the classics. We bide our time till just after 9 P.M., when a stir goes through the bleachers lining the Viale Venezia. Behind a police escort, the first car to have driven all 1,000 miles—a 1925 Bugatti—comes in. One after another, bleary-eyed but smiling drivers thank the crowd and head back to their hotels to share stories of all the things that can happen to an old car in 1,000 miles.

Bruce Male got only eight hours of sleep during his run, but his Maserati "performed flawlessly." Sylvia Oberti just barely finished the race thanks to her backup team and a spare fuel pump. And Richard Sirota's Ferrari blew a clutch outside San Marino and dropped out of the rally. "No matter what, we finish next year," he promised.

Mille Miglia 2001 was "won"—getting to the checkpoints at the appointed time—by two gentlemen from Ferrara, Sergio Sisti and Dario Bernini, driving a 1950 Healey Silverstone. They were given a silver trophy at a Sunday morning ceremony filled with speeches about Mille, old and new. As they spoke, I remembered Maria Naldi and her window in Radicofani. All would be quiet in the piazza now. Nothing to see from her window but a glorious 15th-century church, a thousand-year-old castle, the rolling hills of Tuscany and dashing young drivers in sleek machines roaring through her memories.

Last month frequent contributor Bruce Watson wrote on the Alexandria Library; Enrico Ferorelli photographed timber framers.



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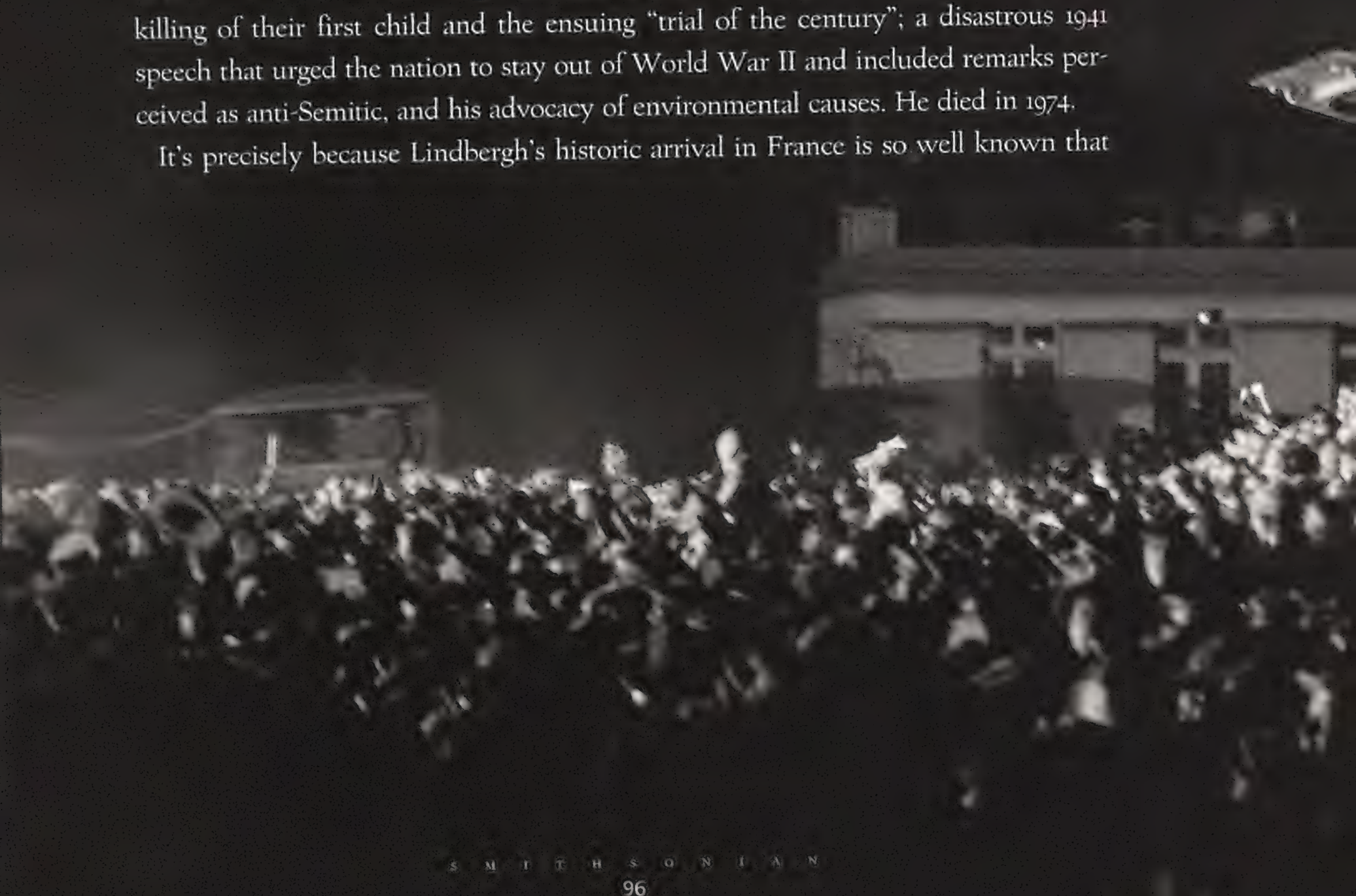
IN A LONG-LOST LETTER AN AMERICAN WOMAN DESCRIBES LINDBERGH'S TUMULTUOUS TOUCHDOWN IN PARIS—75 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

AMONG THE 100;000 OR SO PEOPLE CROWDING THE AIRFIELD OUTSIDE PARIS when Charles Lindbergh completed the first solo, nonstop transatlantic flight on May 21, 1927, was Julia Richards of Groton, Massachusetts. She was on a European holiday with her husband, Dicky, and two of their children, Anne, 9, and Tudor, 12. Like thousands of others in and around Paris that Saturday, they had hustled to Le Bourget as word spread of Lindbergh's approach.

The astonishing flight would transform aviation and travel, shape history, even launch the age of celebrity, with the 25-year-old pilot becoming the most famous person in the world—a world he made forever smaller. Lindbergh remained a public figure all his life, which encompassed marriage to author Anne Morrow; the kidnap killing of their first child and the ensuing "trial of the century"; a disastrous 1941 speech that urged the nation to stay out of World War II and included remarks perceived as anti-Semitic, and his advocacy of environmental causes. He died in 1974.

It's precisely because Lindbergh's historic arrival in France is so well known that

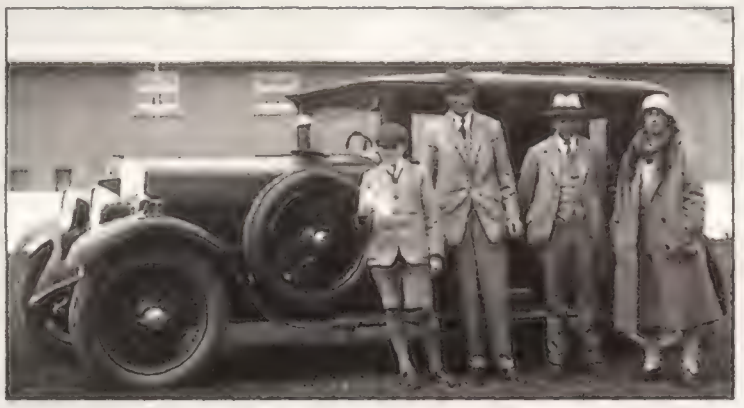


News that the *Spirit of St. Louis* had been sighted over Ireland inspired thousands to rush to Le Bourget, where Lindbergh landed at 10: 24 P.M., more than 33 hours after taking off from New York.

Julia Richards' account of it is such a delight. Writing to her older brother in Massachusetts days after the event, she helps us see it fresh. She was 38 and a homemaker. She loved to travel and was very interested in aviation, having had a brother who was a flier in World War I. She died in an automobile accident in 1961. Dicky, a schoolteacher, died in 1968.

Their son Tudor, now 87, was a forester, wildlife biologist and Audubon Society official. He lives in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and says he recently came across his mother's letter, which describes the family's encounter with, as his mother put it, "a young upstart named Lindbergh":

ON FRIDAY MORNING DICKY BOUGHT TICKETS TO the theatre for Saturday night; that same evening he said to me, "I rather wish I hadn't bought those theatre tickets. That fellow Lindbergh has started, and if he should make it, it would be rather interesting to see him land." Saturday morning he got still more excited. . . . He went all the way out to Le Bourget after lunch in the hope of getting some news. But there was nothing to be had there, and it wasn't until we were sitting at tea (and beer) at the Café de la Paix on the corner of the Place de l'Opéra that we heard—or rather saw—that Lindbergh had been reported a hundred miles off the Irish coast. It was flashed up on the revolving electric sign at the top of the Selfridge building, in letters six feet high. Then we knew that, come what might, we must go out to Le Bourget that evening. Dick dashed off to the theatre to change those blessed tickets, and I flew back to the hotel to change my clothes, and to break it to the chicks [Tudor and Anne] that they were going, too. . . . The crowd [at the airfield] was lined up ten deep all along the high iron fence that shut off the field proper, and for a time it looked as if we weren't going to see much except the heads of the people around us. We . . . then discovered a small perch for ourselves on the three lower steps of an iron staircase leading up onto the roof of one of the buildings. . . . We waited a scant hour, but to me it seemed like an eternity. Nobody about us had any later news than ours (most of them had been there for three hours or more), and I thought the lack of it only too ominous. As we waited, the last lingering fingers of daylight dissolved into darkness, and one by one the searchlights were turned on, making the field stand out so brightly that it almost hurt one's eyes. . . . At intervals rockets roared up into the air, and the excitement caused by the slowly descending lighted parachutes kept the crowd amused and patient.



Julia Richards (with, from right, son Tudor, a cousin and son Henry Jr.) toured England after the historic flight.

It must have been about quarter past ten when the roar of an aeroplane overhead was distinctly heard above the answering roar of the mob below. It passed, but people all about us had distinctly seen the outline of a plane. A few minutes more and we heard it again; it grew in volume, and then suddenly, out of the black darkness, there flew a great silver moth—it seemed to me—which glided down the path of light in the middle of the field and was as suddenly swallowed up again in the seething, howling mass of humanity that surged towards it from every direction of the compass. One second I was gazing transfixed at that unbelievable phantom ship drifting softly down its lighted way; the next I was gazing at a sheer black wall of humanity trying to fight its way up and over a six-foot iron fence.

Two seconds later the fence gave way, and the black wave broke and swept forward like the Mississippi floods. It was Homeric. We meant to escape then and there, but when we emerged from our protected corner, the fever took possession of us too, and we longed for just one nearer glimpse before we should go. So we all took hands and trotted out onto the field, stepping across the poor, flattened iron fence and tripping over the mangled remains of several deserted bicycles.

We saw the plane all right; as a matter of fact it came near being the end of us. It was moving slowly across the field—being pushed to its hangar we supposed—and we ranged ourselves up in close formation, well at one side, to see it as it went past. It was almost abreast of us when to our horror it suddenly turned at right angles and charged straight down upon us! It was a nasty moment; everybody was running in every direction and every third person was trundling a bicycle. I was thrown almost into a baby carriage, and the baby who belonged there was almost thrown out. We finally got free and by a miracle kept together. . . . As you know, before it was finally rescued, ardent souvenir hunters had succeeded in cutting good-size pieces of cloth out of the wings. . . .

My poor dear, I have written a journal! But. . . . I have been so carried away by the magnificence of this exploit. I only hope they don't spoil the boy before they're done with him—he seems such a decent, modest sort now.

TUDOR RICHARDS COLLECTION; PP. 96, 97 BETTMANN/CORBIS; P. 99 BROWN BROTHERS; TUDOR

WE SAW HIM LAND !

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LINDBERGH IS

SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

As the fabric-covered plane came to a halt, frenzied souvenir hunters tore at it, putting French officials on guard. Hailed in his home state of Minnesota, the 25-year-old pilot hated the nickname Lucky, bestowed on him after the flight. After sleeping in splendor at the U.S. Embassy in Paris, he awoke to a life, he said, "that could hardly have been more amazing if I had landed on another planet." On an old postcard kept by the Richards family, Tudor Richards has written, "We saw him land!"

Smithsonian journeys

DRAWN *from* PREHISTORY

DEEP WITHIN MEXICO'S BAJA PENINSULA, NOMADIC PAINTERS LEFT BEHIND THE LARGEST TROVE OF ANCIENT ART IN THE AMERICAS

BY DONOVAN WEBSTER ✦ PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE STEINMETZ

THE FIGURES ARE EVERYWHERE. SOME are stabbed with arrows and spears. Others seem to stand, horror-struck, arms jabbing straight out from their sides, or raised (bent at the elbows, hands open) in a "don't shoot" gesture of supplication. Several of them tower like giants, measuring perhaps ten feet from head to toe.

Each of these images, nearly 80 in all, exists as an urgently vivid painting on the ceiling of a shallow cave 150 feet up a cliff face inside Mexico's deepest outback. Some are rendered in black, others in red, a few are bisected vertically into halves of each color. Many lie at 90-degree angles to their neighbors, arms and legs overlapping. Still others tilt alone into space, as if accommodating their compatriots, obligingly sharing the cave's ceiling.

This place is San Borjitas. It is but one of an estimated 600 sites in the mountains in the central part of Mexico's Baja California peninsula, which extends 700 miles south of the U.S. border. The Great Mural paintings, as they are collectively known, constitute the most extraordinary collection of

The singularly well-preserved, 500-foot-long mural at Cueva Pintada is dense with depictions of human figures and animals. "It is like a gallery at the Guggenheim," says one observer, "the frieze goes on and on."

Hidden within Baja's backcountry, many rock-art sites are accessible only on foot or by mule. For most travelers, the starting point is the town of San Ignacio (map, above). Visitors willing to brave hardships will find themselves confronting prehistory directly. In the landscape surrounding the Cueva Pintada site (top), for instance, palms flourishing in the canyons may well be the same species paleolithic painters used in constructing scaffolding to create their monumental art.

prehistoric art in the Americas. Yet because of their remoteness, the works—perhaps 3,600 years old—remained virtually undiscovered and undocumented until the mid-1970s. Only in the past decade have tourists begun to penetrate this isolated backcountry, in search of paintings to rival those of France's Lascaux cave or Spain's Altamira.

First described in the 1770s, when Spanish missionaries to the region told of the "well-preserved" paintings they had found there, the prehistoric masterpieces largely eluded recognition for another two centuries. Popularizing the caves required the 31-year campaign of a self-taught archaeologist, Harry W. Crosby, who pushed through the forbidding mountain terrain to discover nearly 200 of the works himself.

On the afternoon I first glimpse these paintings, Crosby is my guide. Still rangy and fit at 75, he points out several large, flat stones on the gravel floor. "These are metates, or primitive mortars," he explains, "worn to concavity because ancient artists used these surfaces for grinding colored volcanic rock into pigments."

Outside the mouth of the cave, hummingbirds zizz past, feeding on nectar from yellow-blossoming plants that fringe this sun-scoured cliff. Tall, cigar-shaped cardon and ocotillo cacti stand outside the cave entrance, their afternoon shadows tracing slowly across the stony ground like sundial tracks. Inside, Crosby contemplates the mural, dense with its highly charged images of beauty and violence. He is peering into a mysterious chapter of North America's past, working at a task that has absorbed him since he stumbled across his first cave painting in 1967: piecing the puzzle together.

At a time when archaeology has become big business—and fewer scientists can mount heavily bankrolled expeditions that make, document or publicize new discoveries—the saga of Harry Crosby, a dedicated amateur who worked with no outside funding, is altogether remarkable. A high school teacher turned freelance photographer, he came upon the Great Murals by accident. "I had gone to Baja California," he recalls, "to work on a book about the old Camino Real, the road connecting the Spanish missions." Then, a local rancher, guiding him

ELIABETH WOLF

around the backcountry, led Crosby to a cave containing prehistoric paintings.

From that moment, he was hooked, returning again and again, by mule and on foot, pushing into lost canyons and trackless mountains. In 1975, he published the definitive *Cave Paintings of Baja California*, a documentary account of 230 painted caves, most of which he discovered himself. In 1993, thanks largely to his efforts, UNESCO designated some of the valleys where these paintings are found as a World Heritage Site.

STARTING OUT FROM CROSBY'S HOUSE outside San Diego in photographer George Steinmetz's Chevy Suburban crammed with camping gear and camera equipment, Steinmetz, Crosby and I head south down the Trans-Peninsular Highway, the only paved road that runs the length of the landmass. Baja California sits atop a tectonic fault; now-dormant volcanoes created mountain ranges, like a spine, down the peninsula. The hard volcanic rock of the mountains is layered with strata of tuff, a water-permeable stone of volcanic ash that, over time, erodes away to expose very smooth overhang roofs (*respaldos*), made from the denser-rock stratum above. These surfaces, it turns out, are perfect for the creation of monumental paintings—provided an artist could reach the respaldo or, in the case of taller cave ceilings, construct scaffolds to do so.

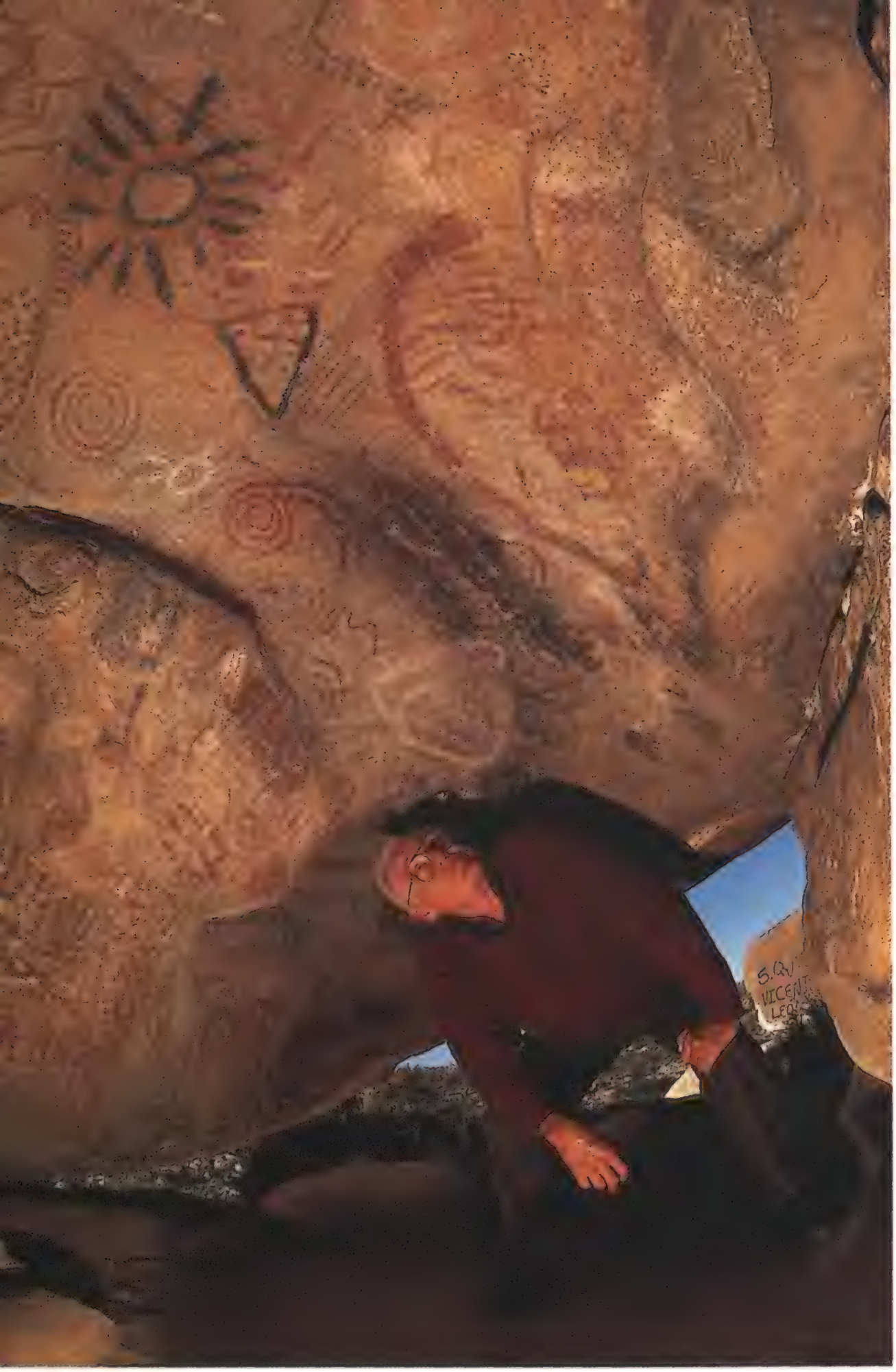
"All you have to do," says Crosby, "is spend some time with the murals to feel their power. But what keeps me coming back is their mystery. Who were the artists? How did they manage to do this? No one can really say." Despite a growing belief that three different human migrations appear to have passed through the region in the past 11,000 years, no serious archaeologist will hazard a theory on who the artists were.

After two days of driving, the three of us fetch up in the quiet beach town of Mulegé, about two-thirds of the way down the peninsula's eastern coast on the Gulf of California. Brick and adobe buildings stand along narrow streets illuminated by strings of small, white lights that dangle above the sidewalks. Mulegé is headquarters for a team of researchers from Mexico's Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia (INAH), some of whom will accompany us into the mountains. We catch up with their lead investigator, archaeologist María de la Luz Gutiérrez. Slim and soft-spoken, with rimless eyeglasses and dark ringlets falling to her shoulders, she spends the next two hours with us, poring over maps, photographs and notebooks.

The next morning, we pile back into the Suburban, the archaeologists leading the way in their four-wheel drive vehicles, and head north toward the mountains. Just a few miles out of town, we leave the Trans-Peninsular's blacktop for a gravel road that threads inside the jumble of volcanic peaks to our west.

An hour turns into two. The cactus-studded peaks of the Sierra de Guadalupe rise nearly 5,000 feet on all sides. Four thousand feet below us, dry riverbeds, remnants of the winter rains and hurricanes that sometimes drench the landscape, braid through the bottom of each valley. Ficus trees, flowering shrubs and dozens of varieties of cacti thrive here, including the prickly cirio, looking like a green, inverted carrot drawn by Dr. Seuss. Lizards skitter ahead of us along

Tucked away as isolated outposts for a hundred years or more, Baja's ranches, scattered throughout the peninsula, remain portals to the cave paintings for travelers and archaeologists alike. In the past, shepherds from these hamlets came across prehistoric art as they tracked their flocks, says Harry Crosby, "up into the cañadas and onto the mesas." Today, inhabitants of these adobe-hut settlements guide visitors into the labyrinthine network of canyons and mountain peaks.



"These particular paintings," notes Harry Crosby (above), "are remarkably accessible—only about a ten-minute walk from the Trans-Peninsular Highway." The motifs embellishing this *respaldo* ceiling, including spirals and sunbursts, are characteristic of a distinctively abstract style of rock art found beyond the reaches of the Great Mural paintings, in extreme northern Baja California.

the gravel track. "This place is a maze," Crosby says. "It's easy to get disoriented and in trouble."

Finally, after several hours, we come to an outpost called Rancho de San Sebastián, a cluster of cinder-block-and-plaster houses backed against a tall peak. We climb stiffly out. A few of the ranchers emerge from whitewashed cottages to inspect us. The people of San Sebastián don't see many visitors, and they're wary.

Once we exchange greetings, we begin trekking up an eroded, dry riverbed, then up a narrower dry-creek canyon, called a *cañada*. The canyon walls are dauntingly steep, sending a few of us sliding downhill in small avalanches of scree. After at least a half hour of scrambling under low brush up the incline, we emerge along the brow of a mountain. There, protected by an overhanging cliff, is a shallow respaldo shelter.

In the one nearest us, two vultures, rendered in black pigment, rise overhead, their wings spread. Three human figures painted in red and black—along with faded but recognizable representations of deer and bighorn sheep—grace the back wall. As with all the Great Murals, the figures depicted are, for the most part, life-size. Each seems urgent and fresh, with a touching immediacy transcending 3,500 years.

As I take in the mural, the INAH team has pulled out a digital camera, measuring tapes, notebooks and a GPS receiver (to fix a precise location and altitude). As the scientists work, Gutiérrez points out the arrows, or *flechas*, that are drawn through the wings of the vultures and into the bighorn sheep. As the hunters pay homage to their prey across thousands of years, I ask Gutiérrez, why here? Why not on the mirror-image respaldo on the canyon's opposite side?

"At each site," she answers, "one asks that question." In certain cases, the choice of location seems obvious. "Some of these murals are near what were probably well-traveled trails, overlooking places where food and water could be found year-round." Yet other cave paintings, she goes on, "exist up narrow, almost impassable box canyons. No one would go to those places unless they knew the paintings were already there."

"That's just one of the conundrums drawing me back here," Crosby interjects. "Fundamentally, we're asking 'What were the artist's motivations?'" He smiles and shrugs. "Be careful: you can spend a lifetime chasing that question."

That night, after 60 punishing minutes of driving up a dry riverbed to a wooded campsite deep inside the mountains,

Gutiérrez, Crosby, Steinmetz and I continue our speculations around a camp table over steaming bowls of beef stew. The paintings, Gutiérrez says, exist inside a territory 300 miles north to south, and 25 miles east to west, within the perimeters of the peninsula's mountain ranges.

Yet, while the murals are similar in size and overall technique, they also exhibit four distinct stylistic variations. In the north, throughout the Sierra de San Borja, they are monochromatic, realistic silhouettes of human figures, rendered in red. Moving south to the Sierra de Guadalupe—where we are now—the images take on new motifs, including the flechas we spied today. Here, the figures are ocher and white as well as red and black. They are often depicted wearing quirky headgear, spiky jester-like caps we can only assume had cultural or religious significance. And there are animals—bighorn sheep, for instance, and eagles. And sea creatures, from whales to manta rays.

Farther south, colored shading of figures, in crosshatched patterns, makes its appearance. Finally, in the southern foothills, the murals—while still large and well proportioned—evolve into blocks of textured color, highly abstract, barely recognizable as humans or animals.

"We believe the mural painters lived in the mountains, but they migrated seasonally down to the sea," Gutiérrez says. "When they made forays to the beaches, they may have exchanged information or techniques with other painters." At some painted caves far back in the mountains, archaeologists have found abalone shells, which were likely used as scrapers, and other tools. "Obviously, these artists were nomadic," Gutiérrez says. "They ate the fruits and vegetables in one area, they hunted game there; when food became scarce they moved on."

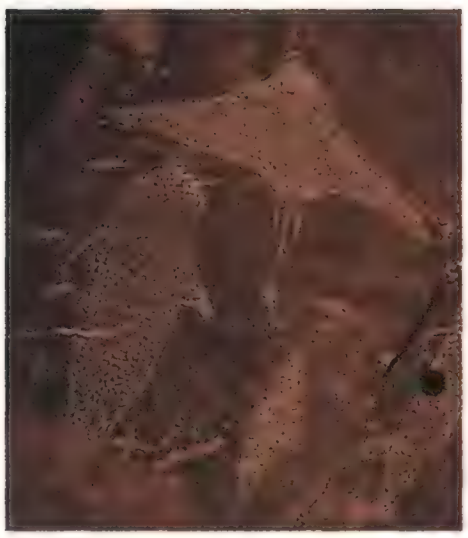
Last year, Gutiérrez's team, along with an Australian researcher, Alan Watchman, began taking tiny paint samples from perhaps 50 of the Great Murals. By analyzing them, they learned that cactus pulp was used as a binding agent. Eduardo Serafin, Gutiérrez's associate, and his colleagues have identified the place where some yellow pigment was mined, on a mountainside northeast of here. "At that site," he explains, "you can actually see where they smashed away the side of the mountain to get to the colored volcanic rock. Then they carried that rock for long periods, sometimes across hundreds of miles, before using it. The paintings, undoubtedly, were carefully orchestrated, premeditated works of art." But deeper clues to the people who created the Great Murals are harder to come by. "In terms of artifacts," Serafin adds, "we have found only a few stone tools."

THE NEXT MORNING, CROSBY, STEINMETZ and I strike out on our own. We are headed southeast through a maze of unpaved routes. Over the next two days, covering hundreds of miles, we pass only one other vehicle, a pickup truck traveling southwest. Traversing deserted valleys and mountain passes, we regularly have to pull up abruptly, clearing away boulders before we can continue on the gravel tracks that pass for roads here.

Cruising deepest Baja, I begin to understand how Crosby has been seduced by this rugged, alluring backcountry. We

Working within what may well be a tradition several thousand years old, archaeologist Eduardo Serafin experiments with the same methods ancient artists may have used to create hand silhouettes. After concocting a pigment made from bricks, ground into dust, and water—to approximate the slurry used by the cave painters—Serafin blows a mouthful of the less-than-appetizing mixture onto the rock face. (He then destroyed his efforts, so as to preclude confusion between past and present.) The muralists used some sort of binding fluid, perhaps cactus juice, to fix colors to the respaldo surfaces. "This kind of organic compound," Serafin explains, "has been essential to assigning dates to the rock paintings."

In order to penetrate this wilderness, travelers rely on the region's knowledgeable guides. Cowboy Ramón Arce (below) upholds a family tradition: his great-uncle, Tacho, led cave-art hunter Harry Crosby on his first expedition in search of paintings. The ranchers, who have spent a lifetime in Baja's canyons, can pinpoint scores of sites, including inaccessible places such as Piedras Pintas. Here, Crosby explains to us, "one finds petroglyphs, notable because they echo the subjects of some paintings—sea creatures, including manta rays—but display a different technique: the boulders are incised."



stop at San Borjitas, where 80 vivid figures crowd that expanse of cave ceiling. At Piedras Pintas (Painted Rocks), we clamber up a mountainside, reaching a cliff top after 30 minutes of hard climbing. There, overlooking desert, the rock face is etched with a marine menagerie: fish, manta rays, sea turtles and a hammerhead shark, still exuding menace from across the centuries.

At a site named after an old ranch near here, known as La Trinidad, we find a mural covering a 40-foot-high wall of pink volcanic rock. In the intensifying light, the pale stone seems to fluoresce.

Low down on La Trinidad's wall—lit from above by the glowing rock—are two rows of small, aboriginal handprints, traced in white pigment. Higher up, dominating the space, stands a gracefully drawn buck, shaded in red pigment, its antlers branching artfully. A large fish, its form resembling that of a tuna, displays an anonymous artist's poetic comprehension of piscine anatomy. Bones radiate out from a line stroke delineating the spinal column. "Look at that," Crosby notes admiringly, "a prehistoric x-ray."

There is a kinetic energy to the figures—especially the powerful buck—that recalls modernist works by Miró and Mondrian. The world has been pared to an ancient impulse: the need to pinion beauty, to create a record for posterity.

LA TRINIDAD IS A LAST STOP BEFORE WE make our way out to the paved surface of the Trans-Peninsular. We're looping back to deliver Crosby to Mulegé, where he'll board a bus for the first leg of his return to San Diego. For the final stage of our journey, Steinmetz and I are crossing into country so trackless we will pack in on mules. "I'm going to forgo that hardship," Crosby had told us. "But you must see the Arroyo de San Pablo." To miss those murals, he insists, "would be like going to Rome and skipping the Vatican."

We drive north out of Mulegé for an hour and a half. Then, with the 6,000-foot peaks of the Sierra de San Francisco to our east, we turn off toward the mountains. There, we pick up a gravel lane that climbs the sierra's side and crosses narrow ridgelines; eroded valleys fall away 1,000 feet. After bumping along the bad road lit by the last rays of sunset, we arrive at road's end: the little settlement of Rancho de Guadalupe.

In the darkness, the outpost—a scattering of small, rough wooden buildings—looks desolate. At 5,800 feet, 40-mile-per-hour gusts of freezing wind buffet the car, rocking it. Steinmetz and I pull on our heaviest clothes and hunt up our guide, boot-tough cowboy Ramón Arce. In the dirt-floored cook's shack next to his house, Arce kindly offers us a feast of beef-and-cheese taquitos cooked on his propane stove.

"The paintings in the canyon are amazing," Arce says. "Much larger, more beautiful than anything you have seen so far. And," he adds, smiling, "the trip will allow me to get out of this freezing wind. It will blow like this for four or five days."

The next morning, just after sunrise, Arce rouses us, leading a string of mules. In no time, he has cinched cargo racks and saddles on the animals and loaded up the equipment boxes. As we mount up for the trip and follow a narrow trail out of the settlement, Arce sings traditional Mexican *canciones* to, he says, jolly along the mules. We start down a nearly vertical, 3,500-foot ravine, the spectacular Arroyo de San Pablo, a Grand Canyon minus the tourism. And as we drop deeper inside these protected walls, the saber-sharp wind vanishes, to be mercifully replaced by bright sunshine and shirt-sleeve temperatures.

By the time we reach the depths of the gorge, six hours later, we can see a narrow watercourse running along the floor of the arroyo, lined by thick stands of palm trees. Across the arroyo, perhaps 100 feet up the canyon wall, I see the largest of all Baja's Great Murals.

It stretches for nearly 500 feet along a shallow respaldo, virtually every inch embellished with male and female figures measuring 20 to 30 feet high. Equally outsize representations of mountain goats, rabbits, deer, antelopes, snakes, vultures, a whale, and handprints and cryptic starbursts, surround the human forms. Arce leads us down to the canyon's floor, where we hastily unload our equipment, unburden the animals and—not even pausing to set up our camp—begin walking toward Cueva Pintada (Painted Cave). "Welcome gentlemen," Arce says softly, "to a truly Great Mural."

It is primarily because of Cueva Pintada—with its exceptional size and hundreds of paintings—that these valleys were designated a World Heritage Site. Some figures stretch 40 feet high. Whoever the painters were, they had a sense of humor. One artist incorporated a rounded lump of rock jutting out from a flat surface into his anatomically correct painting of a pregnant woman. Elsewhere, rabbits, zanily represented with lop ears slightly askew, munch grasses. A few of the largest human figures, wearing larky hats and kicking up their heels, seem to be dancing.

Still, it is two more hard days of exploring before I confront anything to compete with Cueva Pintada. This is El Brinco, or The Leap. Human figures, at least 15 feet tall, painted in red and black, crowd the underside of this nearly inaccessible respaldo. Drawings of gigantic deer, Brobdingnagian rabbits and an enormous fish add to the panorama.

I am certain no solitary artist could have created paintings so extensive. The requisite scaffolding would surely have required several individuals—and pack animals too. How long must it have taken to produce the pigment for images this size? Months? Years? Why would anyone create these works, masterful, miraculous, in so inaccessible a place? As the light turns from gray to blue to clear, El Brinco's murals seem to waver on the volcanic rock. The splash of a creek echoes below; quail coo from the underbrush.

At this instant, I join the ranks of the Great Mural converts: another human attempting to commune with anonymous artists, the ancient ones who forged works of genius transcending both time and distance.

Donovan Webster is the author of Aftermath: The Remnants of War. *Photographer George Steinmetz's Web site is GeorgeSteinmetz.com.*

Archaeologists have unearthed only fragmentary shards—arrowheads and rudimentary scrapers made of abalone shells—in their search to discover the identity of the mural painters. At El Brinco, where human figures and deer loom on a gigantic scale, Crosby recalls, "I felt I was traversing a great open gallery. I had a marvelous view [of the canyon] on one side and an art collection on the other."

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TOP: HARRY W. CROSBY

PEOPLE FILE

The Artful Auctioneer

FOLLOWING A BITTER SCANDAL, SOTHEBY'S TOBIAS MEYER IS THE AUCTION WORLD'S MAN OF THE MOMENT

BY RICHARD CONNIFF

Meyer, with a Warhol and a de Kooning, is called "the James Bond of the art market."

AT THE LECTERN IN THE AUCTION room of Sotheby's in New York, Tobias Meyer raises his voice: "And I start the bidding tonight . . . " It is a moment of high drama: tens of millions of dollars of contemporary art, from Calder to Koons, will change hands over the next 90 minutes. Elsewhere in the city, Sotheby's owner, A. Alfred Taubman, is about to be convicted of price-fixing, cheating many of the very collectors assembled here tonight. And the success of the evening—and possibly that of Sotheby's itself—depends on Meyer's ability to inspire confidence.

"Fifty-sixty-seventy-eighty-ninety-a hundred," he calls, and instantly runs the bidding on the first item up to $200,000. "Will you say $220? Who will say $230?" And he brings the gavel down at $247,000, twice the presale estimate for this modest sculpture by Roy Lichtenstein. It's an auspicious start.

Meyer, 39, the head of contemporary art at Sotheby's, is the leading light of the art-auction business at one of the most troubled times in its history. A slight but authoritative figure, he dresses elegantly, speaks four languages fluently and is as knowledgeable about Andy Warhol as he is about early illuminated manuscripts. His job is to get the richest people in the world to part with their most beloved objects, find other rich people willing to pay more for them than they intended, and have everybody go away feeling good about the whole process.

The several hundred contemporary works auctioned off by Sotheby's each autumn and spring are typically the product of years of work by Meyer and his staff. (Sotheby's and its rivals Christie's and Phillips all hold contemporary-art auctions in New York the week of May 13.) Meyer once tracked down a Gerhard Richter painting after noting the last name of the owner in an old German exhibition catalog and phoning everyone in Düsseldorf with that name. The painting turned up in the workshop of an upholsterer, who'd bought it for $200 in the 1960s from the struggling artist next door. It sold at auction for $350,000.

More often, Meyer and his competitors know exactly where the art is and knock on the same expensive doors vying for the chance to sell it. The job requires a keen sense of how long it takes for a painting to become too familiar, or just too valuable, for an owner to keep. An ear for impending divorce or inheritance also helps, along with a willingness to court and cajole. Meyer "gives you the feeling that you're there with an insider while respecting the dynamic of the relationship," says Robert Lehrman, chairman of the board of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. "He knows how to walk that line."

To win business, Meyer must give a prospective seller a sufficiently optimistic estimate, on the spot. But his credibility hangs on his getting at least

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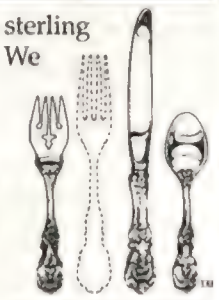

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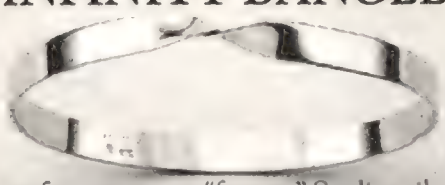

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that price at auction. The competition with rival auction houses is intense, a striking contrast to the 1990s, when Christie's and Sotheby's conspired to inflate commissions they charged sellers. Last year's criminal trial was an embarrassing spectacle, with former Sotheby's executives trading comments about who would look good in prison stripes. But even in the wake of that scandal, Meyer's soothing, straightforward manner seems to instill unusual trust in collectors. "He's such a decent, honorable person," one art consultant remarks.

Meyer's unflappable calm may come from his father, a German biologist who "used to explode his laboratory at regular intervals." His passion for art comes from his mother, who raised him in museums. When he was 7, she says, he advised her to buy a Cy Twombly painting. (Good advice: Meyer recently auctioned off a Twombly

"Furniture only wants to be beautiful," Meyer says, "where art makes you uneasy."

for $4 million.) As a teenager, he used to memorize art magazines for fun. He studied 14th-century illuminated manuscripts at the University of Vienna, and simultaneously apprenticed himself to an antiques dealer to learn about 18th-century French furniture and Renaissance silverware. The switch to contemporary art came later, he says, because "furniture only wants to be beautiful, where art makes you uneasy." But Meyer is as much showman as scholar. Not long ago, at an exhibition in Frankfurt, he noticed that Warhol's *Orange Marilyn* was still in private hands. He phoned a cousin of the owner and told him that if the family ever decided to sell, "it will make a world-record price." A month later the cousin called Meyer in New York to ask

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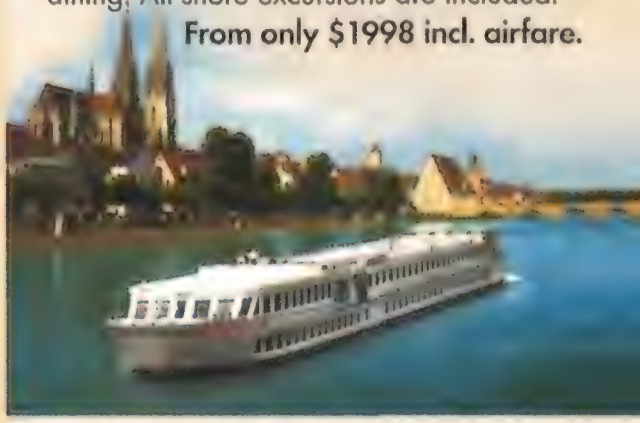

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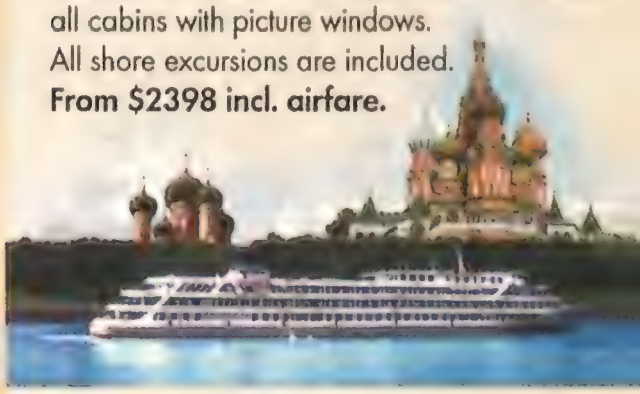

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when he would next be in Germany to talk about it. "Tomorrow," he said. Then he set out to drum up excitement for the painting, inviting 30 major collectors to join him for dinner with no explanation other than a cryptic orange invitation inscribed "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" About the time his guests were wondering why they had come, Meyer announced that he wanted them "to welcome a woman who left 30 years ago, and now she's back in America." Then he threw open the doors to reveal the image of Marilyn

To sell Andy Warhol's *Orange Marilyn*, Meyer used all the magic he could muster.

Monroe on a brilliant orange background. "You have to create some kind of magic around the event," Meyer says, "so instead of being mechanical it becomes emotional. It's the emotionality that you need to achieve a great result."

Just to be sure, Meyer lobbied the consultant to one serious collector, telling him the Warhol might well be worth $12 million, way above his own $4 million estimate. At the auction, the bidding stalled at $8 million. Then the collector Meyer had lobbied came in with a flurry of bids, ultimately unsuccessful, which nonetheless drove the final price to $17.3 million, more than four times the price of any previous Warhol.

"He's very surefooted," one art consultant says of Meyer. She hesitates. "I

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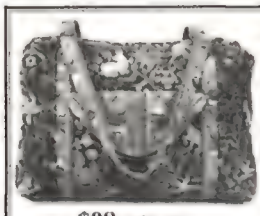

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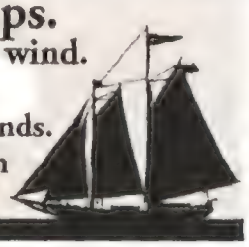

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don't want to make him appear cocky . . ." But then she says he is. "In the nicest possible way."

At a preview brunch a few days before last autumn's big sale, Meyer stood in front of a huge canvas called *Athanor* by Anselm Kiefer, explaining to a collector why he might want to pay roughly $1 million for this grim image of the charred Reichstag. The prospective buyer reached out to touch the painting, and Meyer gently admonished him: "I have to ask you not to touch it, only for your own protection because of the lead particles."

Even health concerns are part of the nitty-gritty of selling art. The collector next asked whether pieces of lead might fall off if he rolls up the canvas to get it in the door of his town house. This sort

"It's like staging a play; you have to get your stars in place, and they have to be well looked after."

of question is one reason Meyer became an auctioneer in the first place, and not, say, a curator at a museum. "I like the reality of it," he says. "You have the object. You can hold it, and it changes hands. I like the pace of it. I would fall asleep in a museum."

Indeed, Meyer actually shows up the next morning to measure the collector's doorway himself, reluctantly concluding that the Kiefer will not fit. This at the same time that he is greeting buyers and sellers, conducting press tours, orchestrating a dinner for 160 one night and for 20 the next, all the while sorting out who's serious about each of the major artworks coming to the auction block. "It's like staging a play," he says. "You have to get your stars in place, and they have to be well looked after."

At the lectern on the night of the sale, Meyer is charismatic. His tousled hair falls over his forehead and his out-

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stretched hands go back and forth between bidders, as if he were conducting a symphony orchestra, left hand holding one bidder in reserve as the right hand reaches out to draw the next bid from a rival. "Shall we try one more at $1,950,000?" he inquires, casually.

Meyer has studied the seating chart for this crowd of 600 bidders, and he knows where his important prospects are sitting. When a Richard Serra sculpture stalls at $900,000, he leans over as if to embrace his bidder. He lifts his eyebrows, inquisitive and sympathetic at the same time. For a moment there is only the bidder, the auctioneer and the work of art. Meyer's deep voice and his faintly Teutonic accent take on an intimate, confiding tone. "One more?" he asks softly as if there weren't $100,000 riding on a nod of the head. "It's a good one," he reassures the bidder. "Make it a million." The gavel comes down at $1.1 million.

His outstretched hands go back and forth between bidders, as if he were conducting an orchestra.

After just an hour and a half, Meyer has sold all but seven lots of the 60 items offered, for a total of almost $45 million. As the crowd disperses, an acquaintance tells Meyer that when he leans over and asks, "One more?" in that kind, cajoling voice, he sounds like a host asking a guest if he would like another drink before toddling off to bed. Meyer grins and says, "It's more like leaning over and asking them, 'Do you want another kiss?'"

Cocky, but in the nicest possible way, he rushes off to savor his triumph among his collectors.

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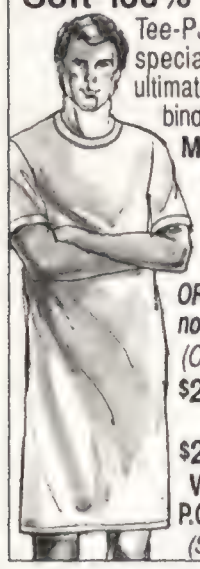
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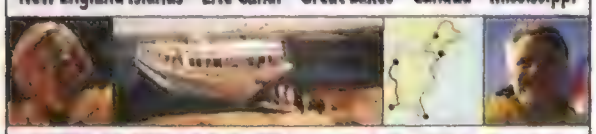
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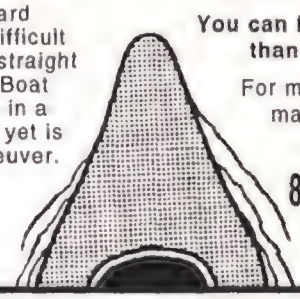
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My Ears Are Bent

Joseph Mitchell

Foreword by Sheila McGrath and Dan Frank

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WHEN I FIRST READ Joseph Mitchell in the *New Yorker* in the 1950s, I felt like a cult of one, awed by the beauty of his prose and his gentle, funny and often wise reporting. Long before Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, Mitchell, who died in 1996, showed that journalism could be literature, a charge he himself always denied. In a preface to this reissued 1938 collection of his best early newspaper writing, he contends that there's no bigger nuisance at a newspaper than a reporter who is trying to produce literature. It is plain from this book that Mitchell was a major nuisance.

Most of these pieces appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* and *World-Telegram* in the early 1930s. By the time he signed on with the *New Yorker* in 1938, he was a master at evoking the life of the city in small, well-crafted vignettes about people who are trying, with difficulty, to get by. Here we find Mitchell learning his way about (for a time he lived in a series of rooming houses in various neighborhoods) and his craft. It doesn't reach the heights of later works such as *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*, *The Bottom of the Harbor* and *Joe Gould's Secret*, but it is Mitchell nonetheless, which is better than no Mitchell at all and better than almost anyone else.

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He notes in his preface that the interview subjects he likes best tend to be anthropologists, farmers, prostitutes, psychiatrists and certain bartenders. He would just as soon skip interviewing society women, industrial leaders, distinguished authors, ministers, and actresses under 35. He had an ear for the perfect quote, which, in his hands, was always artless and frequently surprising. A prostitute told him she chose her career because "I just wanted to be accommodating." Mazie, who worked at an open-until-midnight movie house on the Bowery, told him she was "practically a nun now. The only difference is that I smoke, and drink a little booze, and talk rough."

Readers sometimes had to wait years between his *New Yorker* pieces, but they were worth the wait. Who knows why they took so long; Mitchell revealed only as much of himself as he had to. We who were members of the cult (now in the tens, or maybe hundreds of thousands) made do with that.

Reviewer Donald Dale Jackson was a staff writer at Life magazine.

Mary Shelley

Miranda Seymour
Grove Press, $35

IN THE PREFACE TO HER COMPELLING BIOgraphy of Mary Shelley, Miranda Seymour confesses that, in an earlier work, she portrayed the 18th-century writer as a "sulky, bad-tempered young woman, a nagging wife." Later, when Seymour found herself living on her own in London and raising a son on little money, she began revising that assessment. Mary had lived in similarly reduced and trying circumstances following the death of her superstar poet husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley. As Seymour reexamined Mary's life, the author discovered "a woman of exceptional courage and determination"—and decided to set the record straight.

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Seymour portrays her subject not only as the author of that gothic-horror classic, *Frankenstein*—written in 1817, while Mary was still in her teens—but as a woman pitted against the demanding task of self-definition. In a life plagued with sorrow, she would emerge as the ultimate survivor.

Indeed, Mary's existence see-sawed from tragedy to soap opera: her mother died giving her life in 1797; she hated her stepmother and adored her father, who shunned her for years. Her father-in-law ignored her; she suffered smallpox, bouts of depression and an unfaithful husband who was a better poet than spouse. When he and 16-year-old Mary ran off to Italy (the couple wouldn't marry for at least two years), Shelley left behind a pregnant wife—whom he asked to send him his stockings and handkerchiefs. By 1820, Mary had buried three of her four children.

Following her husband's drowning at 29 in 1822 (she was 24), Mary returned to England, where she was ostracized by society (for having run off with Percy Bysshe) and so poor she turned to hack writing to make ends meet.

Mary Shelley was, in the end, "a woman who struggled all her life against the unpredictable volatility of her own nature," Seymour writes. She was also a quiet heroine, whose accomplishments were achieved against the backdrop of 19th-century Europe's world of revolution and turmoil. Seymour's work evokes not only Shelley's life but her extraordinary times as well.

Emily d'Aulaire is based in Connecticut.

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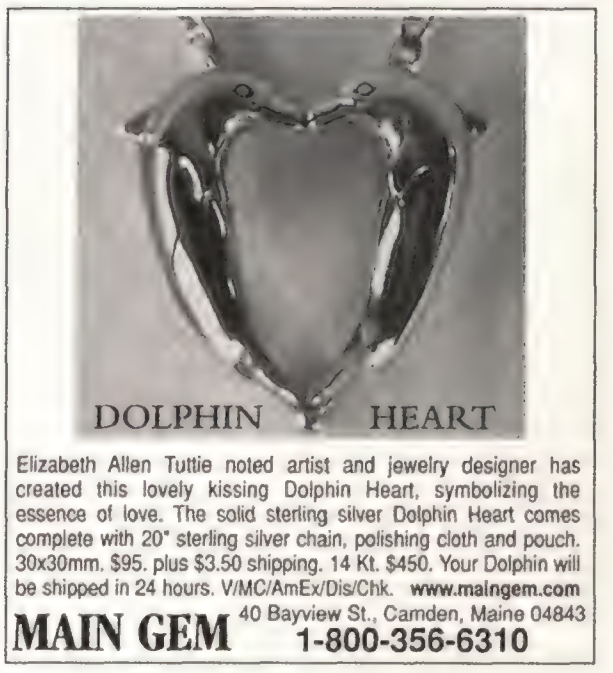
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Brazilian bombshell Carmen Miranda had no bananas in 1948.

Patients at England's Stoke Park hospital cavorted in 1935.

Albanian Catholics still celebrate St. George's Day (May 6).

Hoover-era nymphs lifted White House spirits.

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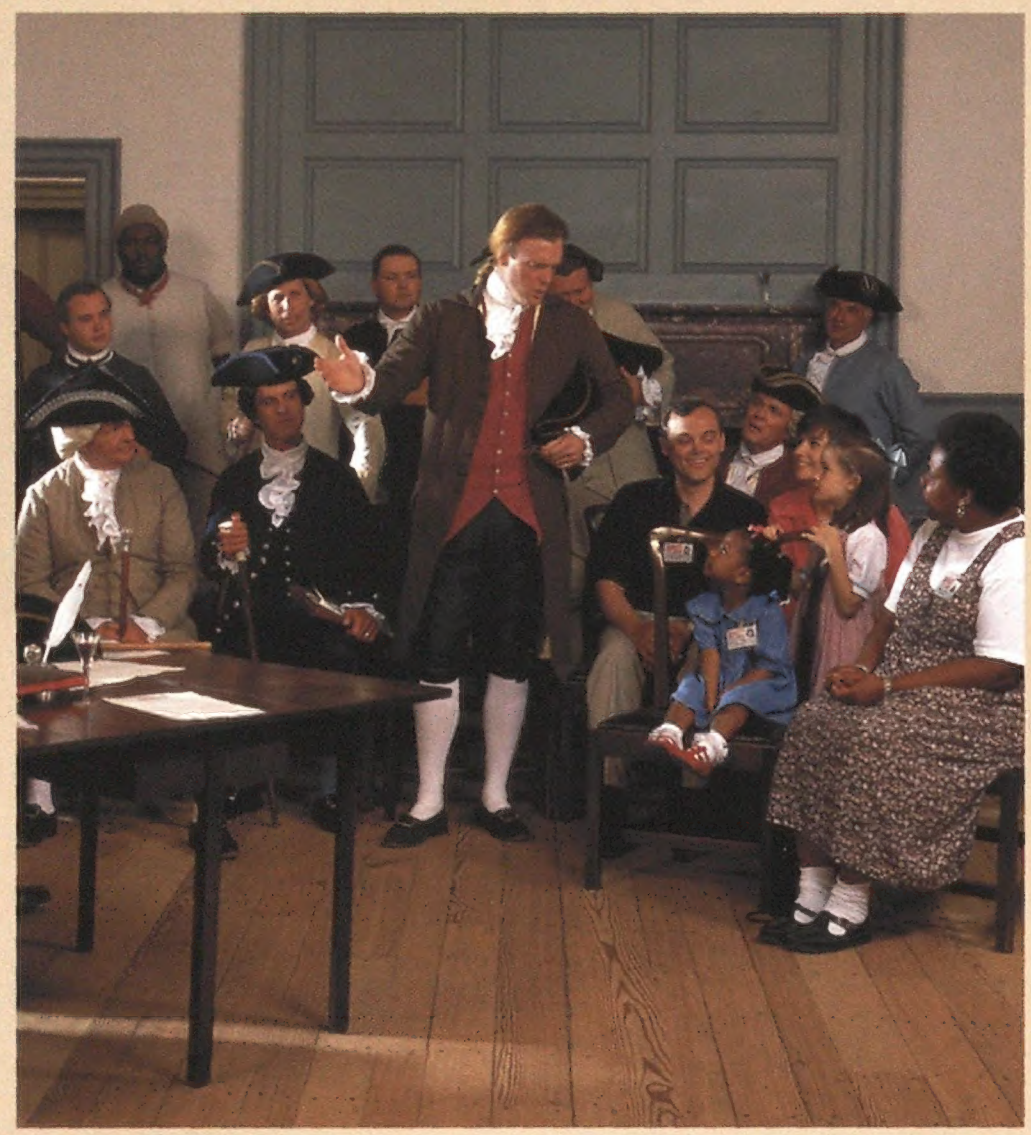

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